

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 9, 1975

75 CENTS

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ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT

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weight, in the form of tungsten inserts, in these two spots, we were able to create a power area stretching right across the club. The weights reduce twisting caused by off-center hits, thus

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Titleist irons improve most of your shots. The perfect ones they leave alone.

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Next Week

TWO FOR THE BELMONT—Derby winner Foolish Pleasure and Master Derby, who won the Preakness, plus a field of the year's best 3-year-olds, race over a demanding mile and a half. Whitney Tower reports the showdown.

TWO FOR THE BRANDYWINE—Nero faces Alert Bret, the only pacer to beat him last year, by a neck in record-breaking time. They meet for the first time as 3-year-olds and Barry McDermott describes the rematch.

[illegible]

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Shopwalk

by SUSAN KANE

LACE UP A LIMMER, IT'S THE WAY FOR A HIKER TO GET OFF ON THE RIGHT FOOT

In a converted livery stable at Interslake, N.H., Peter Limmer & Sons, Inc. makes proved hiking boots. Fifteen hundred customers are waiting, some for as long as two winters, for the custom-made boots (1965 had up) laboriously crafted by this Bavarian family. The Limmers wrestle six days a week with the monster backlog, but family pride demands corners be carefully rounded not cut and no hired hand be laid on a Limmer boot.

The factory is rudimentary: one large room with a few stitching machines and a long cobbler's bench where the soles of the boots are glued and leveled. Windows are everywhere, a panorama of budding trees and gentle slopes forming a backdrop for the "assembly line."

Most customers travel to Interslake to place their orders and their feet on Francis Limmer's yellow-lined pad. Limmer outlines the larger foot (few people have a perfectly matched pair), measuring it centimeter by centimeter in five crucial places from the ankle to the toe. Customers who cannot order at person are mailed precise measuring instructions.

"We attract a lot of people who cannot walk into a store and buy ready-made hiking boots," Francis Limmer says. Last year a medical student waited for size 18 boots, the longest ever made by Limmer.

The six Limmers (brothers, wives and children) produce 750-800 pairs of boots a year. Actual working time on a pair averages 10 to 12 hours, excluding time required for the cement to dry. Production during the summer drops to 10 pairs a week because the humidity slows the gluing process and there is increased business in the family's camping equipment shop. But the boots remain the firm's prime concern, as has been the case for almost 70 years. In 1925 Peter Limmer Sr., who held a *Mettierheft* (master's degree) in cobbling in his homeland, arrived in Massachusetts and after a spell selling bowling pins and putting houses opened a shoe shop at Jamaica Plain. The business moved north in 1950.

The Limmers abhor publicity, knowing it will only swell the already burdensome number of orders, so no sign stands on Route 16-302 in tiny Interslake indicating the company's presence. But look east from the highway behind a stand of birch and there you will see a lime-green and maroon barn. That is the factory. Just don't tell Francis Limmer we sent you.

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beat Blue Max by 9.3 yards
beat Wilson LD by 8.7 yards
beat Titleist DT by 8.4 yards

The distance measurement is a 1st to green combined total distance of two shots. The 1st is the driver. The second is the iron. Test conducted by Opinion Research Corp., Princeton, N.J.

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SCORECARD

Edited by BOB OTTUM

GEORGE DID IT

Last week the New York Knickerbockers signed George McGinnis—who had exercised a special provision in his contract to buy his way off the roster of the ABA Indiana Pacers—to a six-year, \$2-plus million deal. A superlative all-round basketball player, the 6'8" McGinnis is just what the faltering Knicks need. And that, of course, is why they signed him.

The only thing wrong with what the Knicks did is that, according to the rules under which New York, all other NBA teams and, indeed, much of major league sport operate, McGinnis belongs to another NBA team, the Philadelphia 76ers. They drafted McGinnis in 1973 when his class graduated from Indiana University. By signing him, the Knicks flouted the draft system, which is designed to prevent richer teams from cornering the best talent and which NBA owners have claimed is essential to the economic survival of their sport.

What the Knicks did—and what other teams have done in the past—is to violate the rules when it suited their purpose after years of sanctimoniously demanding that the rules be upheld when their competitors were the violators. One Knick lawyer went so far as to declare that the draft is illegal because it constitutes a breach of the antitrust laws.

The attorney is probably right. And that is the reason why the Knicks' action is not only a selfish violation of NBA rules, but shortsighted, no matter how many points McGinnis scores.

It was the older NBA franchises like New York that four years ago condemned Seattle Owner Sam Schulman for endangering the draft system when he bucked the rules to sign the ABA's Spencer Haywood. Indeed, the ensuing litigation in the Haywood case resulted in the elimination of the rule that made players eligible for the draft only when their college classes had graduated.

A subsequent court challenge to the draft, Joe Kapp vs. the NFL, put another dent in the system by limiting the du-

ration of a team's exclusive rights to negotiate with a player it had drafted. McGinnis last week was in the midst of a suit against the NBA based on the Kapp precedent, which he dropped when New York up and signed him.

The mood of the courts in antitrust matters clearly is moving toward vastly altering or, even, eliminating the draft. By signing McGinnis, the Knicks may have hastened that trend. Philadelphia must now either accept compensation from New York or sue to get him. If the 76ers go to court, neither they nor the Knicks may like the result. The victor could be the NBA Players Association, which for years has been challenging the draft system and facing stiff resistance from management. If the players win at last, they can thank the owners for giving them a helping hand.

FAST, FAST RELIEF

It is too soon to place one's bet, but an appropriate name sure can't hurt a thoroughbred racehorse. And that's why you should keep an eye on one of the new colts owned by Alfred G. Vanderbilt, who has long been noted for nifty names. The dam was Top o' the Morning. The sire was The Axe II. So it figures that the colt would be named Splitting Headache.

ONWARD AND DOWNWARD

In the off chance that folks have been wondering whatever became of Evel Knievel, this is to report that the star-spangled canyon jumper has done it again. This time Captain Crash wheeled away on his motorcycle at England's Wembley Stadium in an attempt to leap over a row of 13 London transport buses parked side by side. And, as happened in Knievel's Snake River Canyon jump last summer, the act ended with a thud.

Battered and variously broken, Knievel was hoisted to his feet and announced his retirement. But in the hospital he had second thoughts, declaring that the show must go on—the next stop being

a similar performance at Bristol. To retire, said Knievel, "would let a lot of people down. I shall continue on the tour and do the best I can." Said one of Knievel's staff, admiringly, "This fellow is like a bull."

How true.

TEE UP AND TWIST

From out of the great Midwest, accompanied by the faint tinkle of camel bells, comes news that could revolutionize golf. Or, if that statement sounds too extravagant, it will surely revolutionize golf spectating. The Rib Cage Slide is now upon us, and its key practitioner is Carol Isaacs, who coaches the women's golf team at the University of Minnesota. Coach Isaacs also has another job on the side, forgive the term: she teaches belly dancing at the St. Paul YWCA.

The two activities are more closely related than one might think; in fact, the coach cites strong connections. "Belly dancing is good for your upper body," she says. "It is good for your swing and



your sense of rhythm. Rhythm and swing might well be the two most important things in your golf game." And that's why the Rib Cage Slide that the coach teaches in her YWCA classes works so well for golfers. "If you can master this," she says, "it can help very much to give you a good turn on your backswing. You want the hips and knees going left first and then the arms coming down as a re-

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SCORECARD FOOTBALL

sults of the body movement to the right. The muscle control that it takes for belly dancing can help a golfer develop this movement."

It makes sense. After all, football and basketball players have studied ballet to help their games. But there is one vaguely sexist drawback to the Rib Cage Slide. It's for women only. Says Isaac: "Men just don't seem to be built right."

CAN'T BEAT 'EM, SIGN 'EM

Except for a few remaining pockets of outrage, passions have pretty much cooled over the sacking of U.S. Little League teams by the Taiwanese five times in the past six years. And while the league officially solved that embarrassment by dropping its mini-World Series concept, at least one American adult was already moving to capitalize on Taiwanese talent.

Hardly had the victors returned home than the Cincinnati Reds had scouts on that faraway island to conduct tryouts, and General Manager Bob Howsam revealed last week that he has signed two prospects. One is painfully familiar to some parents. Eng-Jey Kao pricked for Taiwan when it won all four of its games by shutouts last August in the world Big League tournament for 16- to 19-year-olds. Kao is now 19, has grown to 6'1" and 175 pounds, and "has a good fast-ball and a good curve for a young boy," says Howsam. The other prospect is Catcher Lai-Hug Lee, 18, "extremely quick behind the plate, good arm and outstanding on foul balls. He runs well and looks like he has bat potential with some power." Both lads have applied for exit visas, although they probably won't be able to play in the U.S. this summer because of military service. But Howsam, with the air of a man having tapped a new source of baseball talent, figures he can wait. The kids are still growing.

DUFFER AND GOLIATH

The organization was a natural, serving to fill a void in golf society. Duffers of the world united to form their own group—only 18 handicap and over need apply. That was 10 years ago; membership has since grown to some 15,000 and things have gone along smoothly from sand trap to water hazard—until last week. That's when the news broke about the first annual George Gobel Duffers Classic proposed for October in Las Vegas—and that's when the U.S. Golf Association did a double take.

Never mind that the Classic sounds innocent enough, certainly no threat to Nicklaus, Miller and the other giants. Out came a USGA press release lashing the event as a "diservice to golf" and urging its member courses to boycott the qualifying tournaments for the event. The controversy seems to center on amateurism. First prize in Nevada would be \$50,000—\$10,000 more than Nicklaus won at the Masters. Stop right there, said the USGA; any prize over \$200 would cost the player his amateur standing.

Apparently there is no fury like a duffer scorned. Executive Director Quillin Porter of the duffers counterattacked by filing suit in New York's U.S. District Court, asking that the USGA cease and desist from interfering with the tourney. "It's ludicrous to say that a guy who shoots 95 to 100 is going to make his living playing golf," he said. Duffer President Tom Drennan of Wichita put it another way. "We're just asking them to leave us alone."

OVER THE HILL?

The dispute over the duffers' tournament was just one item calculated to make old-timers feel sub-par. Even more upsetting news comes from Ohio, where the state legislature debated—and defeated—a proposal to reduce greens fees for senior citizens in state-owned parks. Said Representative John A. Galbraith: "We shouldn't be encouraging our older people to go out on those hilly golf courses. They'll just die from overexertion."

VR00N OR MUST

He may not be king of the road like Richard Petty, but stock-car racer Joe Frasson merits a special warm spot in the heart of anybody who has ever sat fuming behind the wheel of a balky automobile. Seeking to qualify for Charlotte's World 600—a race that Petty won—Frasson had nothing but trouble. Expected factory financial support failed to materialize. Then there was a two-day delay in getting parts and, next, a new transmission blew apart after just 1½ practice laps. Frasson wearily fixed things up as best he could and then came the worst fate of them all, the car wouldn't run fast enough to make the field.

Frasson screeched back into the pits, picked up a jackhandle and fetched his rascally Pontiac several good licks. Feeling better but still steaming, he whacked it again for the press—and almost one

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

more time when NASCAR fined him \$100 for conduct unbecoming a race driver.

On the contrary, Frasson's conduct seems fitting. His next try comes this weekend at the Motor State 400 in Cambridge, Mich. and one would hope that all Joe has to do is shake that jackhandle at the car a few times to get its attention—then roll it out and qualify.

COME OUT SWINGING

He doesn't expect to produce any heavy-weight champs, says Police Chief Robert O. Matthews Jr., but he wants a training program that will enable his cops to take a punch in the nose. The Howard County, Md. chief requested \$3,800 to buy 25 pairs of boxing gloves, 25 headguards and 50 mouthpieces for the police academy, all the better to develop physical dexterity and combativeness in his rookies. The main idea, he says, is to show new officers what it is like to receive a blow as well as to administer one. "I've been struck a number of times while making arrests," says Matthews.

Presumably, boxing is Lesson 1. Lesson 2 is convincing bank robbers and safecrackers to drop whatever they're doing and put on those gloves.

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THEY SAID IT

- Fred Shero, Philadelphia Flyers coach, denying that he is unemotional: "I'm like a duck: calm above water, but paddling like hell underneath."
- Lloyd Ruby, 47-year-old Indy driver, asked if he would retire after running only seven laps at this year's 500: "I can drive 20 more years if I only have to go seven laps a year."
- Ben Japcho, on pro track competition: "Running for money doesn't make you run fast. It makes you run first."
- Rocky Bridges, manager of the Phoenix Giants, on his new diet drink: "You mix two jiggers of Scotch to one jigger of Metrecal. So far I've lost five pounds and my driver's license."

END

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THE REDS ARE COMING!

Détente with the Dodgers is not in Cincinnati's lexicon as the Reds surge into hot contention—a rise coinciding with the repositioning of that thorny go-get-'em outfielder, Pete Rose, at third base.

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

Nestled amongst several soon-to-be dirtied Reds uniforms, a peach basket full of fan mail, Pete Jr.'s tiny spikes and shower shoes, a clipping of a newspaper headline that said, "Rose Cleared in Death by Reason of Insanity," a book entitled *The Greatest Is Aloha* ("Aloha Means Love"), a bottle of Jean Nate *fri-tion pour le bain*, a small "Babyvision" TV set and other interesting stuff, there was something relatively new in Pete Rose's Riverfront Stadium locker last week: an infielder's glove.

For a curious visitor Rose took this fielding appliance out, spat in the pocket, rubbed the spit in with gusto and showed that the glove was shorter-fingered and more spread out than the outfielder's model he used from 1967 until a month ago, when Reds Manager Sparky Anderson asked him, for the sake of get-

ting Outfielder George Foster's hot bat into the regular lineup, to make the switch to third. Did Rose think his taking on a new position had given the team a lift?

That was not for Charlie Hustle himself to say. He was willing to point out, though, that "we're 13 and 6."

Rose was referring to Cincinnati's record in games he had started at third. By Sunday that record stood at 16 and 7, the Reds had won 11 of their last 13, and the division-leading Dodgers had reason to feel hot Red breath on the backs of their necks—their margin had shriveled to one-half game.

Besides great talent and last year's pennant to defend, the Dodgers have a distinctive organizational pride. As Coach Tom Lasorda hit a difficult fungo to Third Baseman Ron Cey in spring train-

ing he exhorted Cey to "get it for that Big Dodger in the Sky." The Cincinnati club can hardly call upon a Big Red in the Sky, because such an expression might suggest Lenin or somebody, and if that got out—even though Reds are not permitted such signs of doubtful ideology as facial hair—it would be bad for fan identification.

(Last week the Reds did sign two Chinese prospects, but they are graduates of the Taiwan Little League, which is not only non-Communist but may be a higher league than the National.)

So now the Reds have a big Rose in the infield. They also have a person at second base who can do everything but sing the national anthem (and *nobody* can sing the national anthem), a slick shortstop who hits better than most outfielders, a cleanup hitter who has resumed cleaning up, a bullpen that has found its sliders, a centerfielder who has been gravely wronged by the All-Star ballot and a starter whose arm has returned from the dead. But since there is no Red

continued





THE REDS' nosebleed

vision more engaging than that of an utterly committed chunky man charging a slow roller with hair and hat and knees and elbows flying, let us consider first the case of the transplanted Rose.

Being in many cases his approximate peers, the Reds do not necessarily regard Rose with awe. "They call you Mr. Ty Cobb," cried Shortstop Dave (Bozo) Concepcion recently. "You couldn't tie Ty Cobb's shoes."

"If I couldn't tie his shoes," responded Rose, "then what could you do to him?"

"I played 36 games at third last year and nobody said a word," declared Catcher Johnny Bench.

"That you heard," put in reserve Terry Crowley.

"After all . . . Bench began to go on. " . . . I heard Mar," he shot back at Crowley.

"Actually, you were very, very adequate over there," said Crowley.

It is true that when Bench moves from behind the plate to third he does it for a rest. "I played it five games in a row last year and it was like one game catching," he says.

But when a 34-year-old All-Star outfielder as established as Rose suddenly takes up a new full-time position, it is a switch worthy of note. "What are you doing over here?" asked the Phillies' Greg Luzinski recently when he saw Rose at third.

"I've been here two weeks," said Rose.

"Well, I sure didn't know it," said Luzinski.

"People may see it in the box scores," notes Rose, "and think it's a misprint."

Anderson had thought about the move during the off-season, but he hadn't said anything about it because he had heard that Rose didn't like third. That position had appeared to be a serious weakness in '74 because Danny Driessen had never seemed the same in the field since the time in the '73 playoffs when, at a key moment, he mistakenly thought he had a force play and stepped on third instead of making a tag. To replace Driessen, the Reds obtained John Vukovich from Milwaukee. Vukovich was not expected to hit, but it was felt that the Reds could carry one weak batter for the sake of his glove. Vukovich's glove, however, did not come up to expectations, and the Reds as a team were not hitting well enough to support mediocre pitching. The Dodgers, who had built up a 10½-game lead before the Reds began catching up in '74, appeared to be getting away from them again. "I have never felt so bad," said Anderson.

So Sparky tried Rose at third, a move that he has come out of smelling like frenchified after-bath lotion.

As a kid Rose started out wanting to be a catcher, but by the time he was a high school sophomore he realized he wouldn't be big enough for that position so he took up second base. By 1965 he was a National League All-Star at sec-

Back in his scoulsioned RBI groove after a dry spell, Johnny Bench rips a homer to St. Louis.

ond. In '66 Cincinnati Manager Don Heckner told him to move over to third.

"He didn't ask me, he told me," says Rose. "I moped around, which is something I never do, and I hit .170." Within three weeks he was back at second.

The next year, under Dave Bristol, Rose willingly turned over second base to his friend Tommy Helms and moved to the outfield, where he won Gold Gloves in 1969 and 1970. Then, one afternoon before a game early this May, he was breaking in a first baseman's mitt for his 10-year-old daughter Renee Fawn. She likes a first baseman's mitt for softball. Rose was taking ground balls with Tony Perez at first, and Anderson said, "Boy, I wish you could take some of those on the other side of the field."

"I do, out in left," said Rose.

"I mean over at third," said Anderson. "I'd like for you to take a shot at third for me. I just need somebody to catch the ball and throw it over, so Foster can play."

"Well," said Rose, "I'll try it."

By the next night, when he started his new job, Rose had already broken in his (not Fawn's) new glove taking practice grounders. Since then he has been fielding so many fungoes, before games and on off days, that his arm gets sore from throwing the ball over to first and the coaches have to tell him to stop. And he is playing third far better than anybody expected him to and better than Vukovich, who was supposed to be a defensive specialist.

Rose doesn't have the elephant-gun arm that enables Bench to handle the position without worrying much about finesse, but he goes to his left remarkably well and has made only two errors, both on close plays. One was a dribbler off Tom Seaver's but that Rose charged and couldn't get a grip on. The official scorer was Bob Hertzel of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Rose's collaborator on a recent book, who called the play an error but might have reconsidered, he says, had not Met Coach Joe Pignatano waved a towel at him from the Mets' dugout, lobbying for a hit.

Hertzel may conceivably have been guilty, then, of leaning over too far backward, which is something Rose will never be accused of. The only reason he threw

out as many runners as he did from the outfield over the years, Rose says, is that he prided himself on charging grounders hard. From third he comes in on slow-hit balls like a buffalo afire, and if that is not the most elegant way to play third, it has proved to be very adequate.

"His only problem is he's so meticulous about everything that he doesn't want to cut loose and take a chance of throwing the ball away," says Bench. "That's why he's never stolen many bases; he won't take chances." But that doesn't mean Rose won't dive for balls—he has already left his feet to make a couple of nice stops to his left. Last week against the Expos he waited to make sure of being on target with a long peg from behind the bag and wound up throwing it short, but Driessen saved him with a snazzy pickup at first.

Driessen was subbing for Perez, who was out with a broken thumb. Perez returned to the lineup this week. With him back and Rose still at third, and counting Bench behind the plate, the Reds have one of the most remarkable infields of our time. Financially, it is the best endowed ever, with a combined annual salary of \$650,000. Defensively, it is the only one in the National League that includes three '74 Gold Glovers—Bench, Second Baseman Joe Morgan and Concepcion. Offensively, it is the solidest all-around infield since Hodges, Robinson, Reese, Cox and Campanella of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Every member of the Reds' inner five—"Our main core," says Anderson—is capable of batting .300 with double-figures homers, and if each continues to drive in runs at his rate as of last Saturday, the only one who won't have at least 83 RBIs by the end of the season will be Concepcion. He will have 79.2.

On most teams the outfielders are the big hitters. On this one they are not bad. Foster, Centerfielder Cesar Geronimo and Rightfielder Ken Griffey, who often bat sixth, seventh and eighth, are on their way toward some 50 RBIs apiece. Defensively, Geronimo is superb. How he got left off the All-Star ballot after winning a Gold Glove and hitting .281 last year is a mystery.

D.K., so how come the Reds were still a tad behind the Dodgers as this week began? One reason was that cleanup hitter Bench, hampered by the effects of a Roseian belt administered to him at

home plate by San Francisco's Gary Matthews, had been leaving a lot of men on base until the last dozen games, during which he hit six of his league-leading 11 homers and got 12 of his league-leading 36 RBIs (to tie San Diego's young Dave Winfield and L.A.'s astoundingly consistent Steve Garvey). And Perez, although he has 31 RBIs himself, was only beginning to produce regularly when he broke his thumb.

The way the Reds' offense works, if one may simplify, is that Rose and Morgan get on base almost constantly and Bench and Perez drive them in when they are hot. This makes Bench and Perez pivotal, but if anybody is the Reds' most valuable player this year it is Morgan. Not only is Morgan leading the team in batting, at .331, he is finally establishing in the public mind that he is the only man in baseball who can do all the following things extremely well: Field. Hit for average. Hit the long ball. Steal bases (he is leading the league). Draw walks (he had 46 in his first 47 games). Avoid strikeouts. Maintain a lively, sunny disposition. And think.

Morgan, a student of the game who wants to be a junior college coach when he retires, complains that the Reds aren't stealing enough to score as the Dodgers and the A's do. The way baseball is now, with big parks, fast turf and pitchers throwing 3 and 0 sliders or being yanked for relievers who can, even such muscular teams as the Reds can't count on big innings. "You can't wait," Morgan says. "You've got to steal runs."

You also need pitching, which is something the Reds have had consistently only as they've surged. The sliders of bullpen aces Clay Carroll and Pedro Borbon have only recently begun to slide adequately. And in his last three starts, all convincing victories, Gary Nolan seems to have established that he is as good a pitcher as he was in past seasons when he went 14-8, 18-7 and 15-5.

Last year Nolan's arm was so bad he pitched only six innings, for Indianapolis. The year before that he managed 10 innings for the Reds. During the post-offseason Dr. Frank Jobe cut into Nolan's right shoulder. Had he not been blinded by the Hippocratic oath, Dr. Jobe would surely have taken the opportunity to insert three cockleburs and a lump of coal—he's the Dodgers' orthopedic surgeon. Instead he cut out an inch-long

spur of calcium and convinced Nolan that the operation would cure his troubles. After a while Nolan went outside and chucked to his brother-in-law.

"I was able to throw without major discomfort. That in itself was something," says Nolan, who seems rather a tight-lipped person and who did not, having made that easeful pitch, immediately run around the block shouting to the neighbors.

"You can't be overjoyed," he says. "You don't know what might happen."

But last week he beat the Expos 5-0, giving up only two hits and throwing only 87 pitches, none of which appeared to be over anything but the edge of the plate. He didn't show the great fastball he had as a rookie, but his changeup had the Expos exposing their anxiousness indecently. Two games later Don Gullett beat the Cardinals 6-0 on four hits.

"We're tired of chasing people," says Bench. The Dodgers are the people he and new hot cornerman Rose and Renaissance Man Morgan and reborn man Nolan and all the other Reds are tired of chasing. As usual at this time of year, the burning question is whether they will catch them and what they will do with them if and when they do. There is one more question. Why would a man like Pete Rose use friction pour le bain? **END**

Joe Morgan does everything but the anthem.



A FINAL DRIVE TO THE FINISH

Hours after winning yet another race with a surging kick, distance runner Steve Prefontaine was killed in a car crash. The author, a fellow Olympian, looks back at track's angry man

by KENNY MOORE

Steve Prefontaine tried to sleep on the plane from San Francisco to Eugene, Ore. a couple of weeks ago, squirming in his seat, closing the window shade with a snap, cracking his head against the fuselage in an apparent try at denting a hollow there. He closed his eyes for perhaps 30 seconds and then he was squirming again. He had not run as well as he had hoped in the two-mile in Modesto the night before, although he had won in 8:36.

"I went through the mile in 4:13," he said, "and then I just didn't seem to want to run very hard any more. I was lethargic. I still am. I feel like quitting training. Maybe I want to devote my energies to something positive, something I can see bearing fruit."

Prefontaine seldom spoke of his motives, and when he did he always included that "maybe"—as if he, like the rest of us, could only observe himself and wonder at this strangely engaging, obstreperous, fidgety creature.

"I talked with a lot of other athletes at Modesto about the AAU's damn moratorium rule," he said. A few days before, the AAU had announced a policy for forcing the country's best trackmen to compete in international meets against the Soviet Union, against Poland and Czechoslovakia, against West Germany and Africa. An athlete who declined a spot on the national team or who did not run in the national AAU meet would be suspended for one year if he or she competed abroad during certain moratorium

periods before the AAU championships and the international meets.

"In July there are only about 10 days when the moratorium is not in effect," said Prefontaine. "That screws up my whole competitive schedule."

More to touch off his celebrated fulminations on the subject than for any enlightenment, I asked him blandly what was wrong with competing on the national team against the Russians and others. He looked at me as if I were a traitor to my class.

"Where are the best runners?" he said, coldly. "Emiel Puttemans is Belgian. Brendan Foster is English. Rod Dixon is a Kiwi. Knut and Arne Kvalheim are Norwegians. Lasse Vren is from Finland. Does the AAU have any of them





As Prefontaine reaches his last lap, he looks over his shoulder at his distant rival.

on their wonderful televised schedule? Hell, no. For me, running against the Poles and Czechs would be like running against high school kids. And I hate all this gung-ho, run-for-the-red-white-and-blue attitude that the AAU spouts. If that's important to some people, fine, more power to 'em. But, damn it, I wish they'd leave me alone to do what I want to do—run against the best."

As he spoke, frustration rose in him. He seemed caged, vulnerable. He had organized a month-long visit to the Northwest by eight Finns, and then had experienced a series of withdrawals by athletes and promoters. The crowning blow had been a telegram from Finland saying Viren, the Olympic 5,000- and 10,000-meter champion, who was to race Pre-

fontaine in Eugene, was injured and would not come. "I'm not so competitive as before," Prefontaine said. "It's wearing me down holding this tour together. Maybe the negativism stems from not being able to count on big races. One disappeared with that telegram. With the AAU rule others aren't likely."

In the week leading up to the meet last Thursday night in Eugene, where Prefontaine would go against Frank Shorter at 5,000 meters, I happened to talk with several men who knew Prefontaine well. Jon Anderson, an Olympian and the 1973 Boston Marathon champion, said, "He's not like other distance runners. He's not quiet, not introspective. He can't relax. A 15-mile run in the woods makes me kind of mellow and satisfied. All it does

for Pre is make him mad. Most distance runners find expression in easy running; we take comfort in that kind of personal experience. Pre's kind of running is always hard and straining and fierce."

Anderson felt Prefontaine could not be understood without reference to the demanding, elemental life of Coos Bay, Ore., the logging and shipping town where he grew up. There are codes there governing social acceptance among the stevedores and lumbermen, and chief among these is success at sport. It took Prefontaine a while to gain that acceptance. When he first went to grade school he knew more German than English because his mother spoke German at home. He was taunted for his backwardness. He once said, "Kids made fun of me because I was a slow learner, because I was hyperactive, because of a lot of things." Then, in junior high school, he discovered that he could run well; all it took was being able to stand the discomfort of effort. The need to measure up, as demanded by Coos Bay, turned into a need to surpass. "Running gave me confidence," he said.

A long-abused ego burst out in a cockiness that was usually forgiven because boasts of what he could do were followed by proof. He set a national high school record of 8:41.5 for two miles, and at the University of Oregon he won four NCAA three-mile championships and three cross-country titles. He ran the mile in 3:54.6. He held U.S. records at 2,000 meters (5:01.4), 3,000 meters (7:42.6), two miles (8:18.4), three miles (12:51.4), 5,000 meters (13:22.2), six miles (26:51.4), 10,000 meters (27:43.6).

Yet he had not won when it meant

continued



FINAL DRIVE *continued*

most to him. In the 1972 Olympic 5,000, he ran his last mile in about 4:04, but Viren, the winner, did 4:01.2, and Mohamed Gammoudi, who was second, did 4:03. Prefontaine, staggering at the finish, was passed a few yards before the line by Ian Stewart to lose the third-place medal, too. Last year he set three American records in Europe, all in losing races to Knut Kvalheim and Rod Dixon. "When he's in a race with someone who is capable of beating him," said Anderson, "I think his thoughts, or the kind of man he is, make him press too hard."

Given the kind of man, the defeats were met by increased resolve. Early this year he was offered the largest contract in the short history of the professional track circuit, \$200,000. He turned it down. Until the Europeans were well and honestly thrashed, he said, "What would I do with all that money?" Yet he displayed little of the traditional distance runner's feeling for austerity. "I like to be able to go out to dinner once in a while. I like to be able to drive my MG up the McKenzie River on a weekday afternoon. I like to be able to pay my bills on time." With a sense of humor more las-

This 1970 photo of Prefontaine, then 19 and a freshman, ran on Sports Illustrated's cover.

civious than droll, he relished low tavern life ("Envision a satyr," said Shorter). He delighted in describing the ruinous modes of recreation practiced in Coos Bay establishments. "I know places you better speak low if you've been to college," he would say. "Men will come across the room and cold-deck you if you hold your glass wrong."

Two days before his race with Shorter, Prefontaine ran a brief workout under the eye of Oregon Track Coach Bill Dellinger, himself a three-time Olympian and bronze medalist in the Tokyo 5,000 meters. While he held a watch during Prefontaine's 330-yard interval runs Dellinger said, "That man has something no runner in my time had. We used to warm up out of sight behind the stands, and we would never have considered taking a victory lap. But Pre . . . he's almost like a movie star in his relationship with the crowd. He thrives on it."

Asked if he considered himself a major influence in Prefontaine's life, Dellinger said, "Well, I render advice. I don't know how often it is taken in areas away from running." Prefontaine finished his last 330 and approached us, sweaty, his barrel chest heaving, displeased with his times.

"Do you have a guru?" I asked. "Is there someone you would go to if you found yourself in a situation you couldn't handle?"

His reply was thrown back, almost defiantly. "I don't have anybody like that," he snapped, and he was jogging off, shaking out his arms.

"I told him that sounding off about how strong he was was a mistake," said Bill Bowerman, Prefontaine's first coach at Oregon and later his Olympic coach. "He runs an American-record 2,000 meters in Coos Bay and Viren cables that he's hurt. If he wants to get those runners over here to his lair, he's got to be more sly." Yet Bowerman had no illusions that Prefontaine could do that, could lie low and wait. "No, that's hard for him," Bowerman said. "He's too outspoken and honest." In the set that meant the most to him, that he defined himself by—driving for the finish in a hard race—it was hopeless to expect him to hold off, to slow down. "He doesn't look beyond races," said Bowerman. "He doesn't look beyond laps."

Frank Shorter had come to Eugene as a favor to Prefontaine. His wisdom teeth had been extracted eight weeks before, and then he had overtrained and had been ill. But with Viren out and the financial success of the meet in doubt, he was needed. Prefontaine had barely clawed past him in the stretch to win a three-mile in Eugene a year earlier—his American record—so Shorter's return attracted a twilight crowd of 8,000.

Before the race Shorter and Prefontaine lay on the grass of the infield. They spoke almost shyly with Erin Forbes, a beautiful, angular 14-year-old from Portland who had recently run an age-record 4:48.6 mile. "I hope she's blessed with nonpushing parents," said Shorter after she had gone, and Prefontaine slapped the ground in agreement. They watched as Gary Barger won the mile in 3:58.8, to become the 16th Oregon trackman to go under four minutes. Prefontaine went over to half-mile Steve Bence, who had fallen in a relay in the Pacific Eight championships and had broken his jaw. Now, with 14 stitches in his chin and his mouth wired shut, Bence faced his last chance to meet the NCAA qualifying standard of 1:49.8. Prefontaine bent close and spoke intensely. "I don't think I could do what you're doing," he said. "So why don't you make it worthwhile?" Bence nodded, silent, and Prefontaine withdrew to watch. With 220 yards to go, Bence had a chance but could not kick. Prefontaine turned away.

For three laps of the 5,000, Shorter and Prefontaine ran behind Paul Geis, who earlier had won the two-mile; Shorter led at the mile in 4:17. Prefontaine took over the lead at six laps, Shorter floating at his shoulder, the rest of the field far back. Shorter looked tight, apprehensive. At 2 3/4 miles, Prefontaine shot ahead and charmed successive laps of 63, 64 and 63 seconds, running away with the race, running through the rising shouts of his people, his head cocked to the right, his brow tightly knitted. This was where he lived, and those long searing drives never failed to be compelling. Into the last straightaway he closed his eyes and swung out from the curb slightly; he ran 50 yards with his eyes shut, squeezing away the suffering. He finished in 13:23.8, only 1.6 seconds slower than his best, and as he touched the tape he glanced back at his distant rivals. Soon the crowd was flowing out around him, small boys waving

programs, beaming matrons, girls in halter tops.

That evening there was a party at the home of Geoff Hollister, Prefontaine's associate in an athletic shoe company. All the Finnish athletes were there, along with many of the families who had housed them. Prefontaine's parents and his high school coach were there. As the beer flowed and sandwiches circulated, there was much talk of Pre going to Helsinki, of his hospitality being returned, and much discussion of the AAU rule. Jon Anderson tried calmly to analyze the difficulty of explaining to the layman why athletes become so enraged at the AAU. "There is such a gulf between us and all those thousands of people who would give their right arms to wear 'USA' on their chest. . . ."

Prefontaine broke in. "Where is the talent that I competed with when I started in 1969?" he cried, seizing on the first injustice that came to mind. "The shortage is of guys who are out of school and can still figure ways to train and find competition. I'm 24 years old and Frank is 27, and we're veterans. That's the shame. That's what's wrong with the American system."

I found myself with Raymond Prefontaine, who seemed daunted by his son's ferocity. We talked instead about the Dungeness crabbing in Coos Bay, he carefully explaining where good catches were being made. Steve leaned near and

confided to me that he had never been crabbing. "I've never been fishing, either," he added, "but for God's sake don't tell anybody that."

Poor revelers, my wife and I left the party at 11. Frank Shorter, who was staying with us, said Prefontaine would drive him home later, and he did at about 12:30. They sat in Prefontaine's MG on the road above our house and confirmed a date for the three of us to run an easy 10 miles in the morning. Shorter, an attorney now, promised to brief Prefontaine on the legal challenges that might be brought against the AAU's restrictions on free international racing. "Yeah, well, let's go over that tomorrow, when our heads are clear," said Prefontaine and he drove off down the hill.

In the morning the phone rang, waking me, and I learned he was dead. I told Frank. At eight o'clock, the day was still, full of sun and birdsong. From the radio we learned that the accident had happened only a few hundred yards from our house, and we knew Frank had been the last to see him. After a few minutes we walked down a path through a neighbor's yard to the road below. The ashes of flares were scattered in the road. On one side, beneath an outcropping of black basalt, there was broken glass and twisted metal strewn among the poison oak. There was blood on the street, a street he had run at least three times a week for six years.

We saw the accident report, which said he was dead at the scene, his chest and stomach crushed under the weight of the overturned car. His blood alcohol content had been found to be .16 percent, a level presumed to significantly impair driving. We always knew that the important thing about his life, that which let him perform as he did, was his prodigious honesty. Because he had never been hypocritical about his use of alcohol, the manner of his death could not diminish that honesty.

Later, after we had spoken to the news people, Frank and I ran. I believe it was a sort of observation of ritual, something that had to be done. We could not have run a step anywhere that Prefontaine had not run. As it happened, we ran softly through the woods skirting Eugene, looking up at the rugged ground under the Bonneville power lines where he did winter training. After we finished a five-mile loop, we kept on, crossing the river over a footbridge where I had once seen Prefontaine crouched behind a tripod and movie camera, waving at a tired runner to sprint toward him out of the cottonwoods, yelling, "Do I have to do everything myself?"

We avoided the road of the accident, coming up the hill to my house another way, a hard climb, feeling the effort, accepting it as the only link left with what Prefontaine had felt and accepted better than any of us.

END

Kenny Moore (left) and Frank Shorter (center) talked with Prefontaine at the meet in Eugene shortly before his death.



THE NEWEST KIDS ON THE BLOCK

In the recent tradition of soccer, team tennis and box lacrosse, volleyball has turned pro but with a coed format **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Inasmuch as the hockey and basketball playoffs ended before the New Hampshire primary, and football doesn't begin until tomorrow, and World Team Football is already on the wane, isn't it about time we had a new pro sport around here?

Diana Ross thinks so. David Wolper does, too. And so does the partially unknown but still somewhat talented Bob Hogan, who used to do things like steal hotel fire extinguishers but who last weekend played a semi-minuscule part in inaugurating, enriching and perpetuating—get this—professional, international, coed, rock 'em, sock 'em, spikers



This gaudy ball is the league symbol.

like-you-never-got-'em volleyball. Yeah!

When the International Volleyball Association opened in the San Diego Sports Arena Friday night, only 2,451 people showed up. But Ross was there, along with a stable full of Top Forty chart busters summoned by Berry Gordy, the president of Motown Industries as well as of the IVA San Diego franchise. Wolper was there, he of the movie and TV documentaries, and at present the president of the league. And 25 girl tumblers from the local Y were there, too, in honor of "YMCA Night."

Right out of the box, a special night. Pro volleyball doesn't mess around.

What everyone experienced in this first contest between the home-standing San Diego Breakers and the visiting El Paso-Juarez Sol suddenly became more than a mere stirring of the senses. Minds reeled. Bodies clashed. The sexes blended. There were thrills and spills, drama



and romance, the agony of a man's impossible stuff-block, the ecstasy of a woman's desperate smashed-face dig, and the sheer spectacle of Hogan's soon-to-be world famous (maybe) "Hogie Roundhouse Sky-Fall Fading Tornado Wildman Serve" which he brought off the beach to close out the match for San Diego with a flourish.

This turned out to be an especially significant clue to the nature of volleyball players after Hogan revealed that he had started the day, a new era really, with a fairly large head from an erratic night before and that he "woke up feeling like I was inside one of the pyramids."

Even though San Diego won the initial fray, three games to two, the visiting Sol were not without their heroes and heroines, particularly Player-Coaches Smitty Duke and Mary Jo Peppler, who feature his-and-hers free curl hardos; 6'7", 215-pound Scott English, a refugee basketball forward from the NBA and ABA; 4'10", 90-pound Eileen Clancy, who is called "Our Incredible Bumping Machine" by her teammates, and Lino (Caveman) De Melo Gama, a bearded basketball whose name sounds like something the natives tell you to avoid eating in the rain forest and who fascinated the crowd with his inspired jumping, faking and hitting.

"The Caveman is doing it all tonight," Announcer Marc Jacobs kept screaming into the microphone.

Indeed, despite an English vocabulary that consists of "hokay" and several unbelievably filthy words, the Brazilian showed he was equally charismatic at the champagne party afterward.

"I want to kiss you. Do you speak English?" one brunette asked him.

"Very much hokay," the Caveman answered.

Not to be outdone, the Breakers presented an alluring east that made up for its lack of geographical balance with a rare familial atmosphere.

"We only drafted friends who could hit and drink beer," said Don Weiner, the director of media operations.

These included "The Tasmanian Devil" himself, Player-Couch Rudy Suwara

from East 136th Street in the South Bronx; his assistant, Bill Wardrop, a huge, quiet former U.S. national team star who might be the best hitter-blocker in the land; blonde Kathy Gregory, late of Wilt's Little Dippers, Connie Gibbon, pro sports' foxiest free agent who (everyone was forewarned) happens to be Wardrop's girl friend; and a lunatic fringe that consisted of Larry (Beemer) Milliken, Jay (Bird) Hanseth and Tom (Mad Dog) Madison.

Of playing on a team with women, Mad Dog said, "It's great to turn around after a great play to slap and catch some skin and see this super chick standing there. Much better than putting some sweaty guy."

This was the original point, of course, the gimmick, the *raison d'être* of the IVA when it was founded last summer.

The idea of men and women together started with team tennis, but in that endeavor the distaff side mostly plays one another except in mixed doubles where tradition holds the man does not nail the woman between the eyes with a forehead. In the IVA, as Hogan says, "Gentlemen are not trusted." In fact, a guy smashing a girl in the face is said to have accomplished a "six-pack"; i.e., he is awarded a six-pack of beer for the deed.

Consequently, in an exhibition game last week, Hanseth committed this very act, absolutely crushing a ball into the tender forehead of one Kuprice Rupp. As Rupp lay there slightly unconscious, Hanseth said he was concerned about injury but "it felt good anyway." He chose Heineken.

IVA's original horizons were vast—10 cities coast to coast, a 40-game schedule and salaries approximating the budget of a space program. Wilt Chamberlain was out front in the league setup then, as were several entertainment-industry types, but Wilt went off to practice free throws or something and never came back. The floundering economy and the Harpo Marxian adventures of the World Football League scared off others.

As a result, the IVA is composed of the California Four Plus One—the Southern California Bangers, Santa Barbara Spikers and Los Angeles Stars are other charter members—and the schedule is weighted heavily toward home games in the two most volleyball-orient-



Suwara is from San Diego via the Breakers.

ed areas, San Diego and El Paso-Juarez. In addition, there seems to be solid financial backing, what with Wolper owning the L.A. team and executives of Warner Brothers and Columbia Pictures involved in other franchises.

To emphasize that volleyball is not only a California phenomenon, a corporation of local businessmen put together the operation in El Paso-Juarez. Significantly for future expansion, league officials firmly believe the Sol will be the league's bellwether.

The Tex-Mex team will play *continued*

Superstars' champion Peppler is a Sol doll.



Rudy Suwara (right) of the Breakers spikes the ball only to have it blocked by the Sol's Lino De Melo Gama (8) and Scott English (12).

its home matches on the only exclusively "volleyball floor" in the league, a multiple-color job of yellow, orange, red and burnt sienna at the El Paso County Coliseum. KFSM-FM will broadcast all games, and General Manager Wayne Vandenberg, the ex-UTEP track coach, even sent up a delayed tape telecast of the opening match back to El Paso. At home he promises "light shows, sirens, the Caveman in the rafters, the works."

Coaches Duke and Peppier led the promotional campaign around El Paso, and the team put on exhibition matches, clinics, even moonlight games in the street. "Interest is building like a volcano," says Duke.

The coach is one of only two American players ever selected to the All-World team (the Mexicans nicknamed him *Manos de Oro*—hands of gold), but he has been a rebel within the volleyball Establishment.

In the IVA draft, Duke was true to form, concentrating on foreign players and non-Californians. Ironically, probably the best player in the league is an internationalist Duke didn't get, Santa Barbara's Stan Gosciniak, a Pole who was MVP of the 1975 amateur All-World team. Besides De Melo Gama, the Sol drafted a couple of other foreigners, so upon arrival in San Diego they were an unknown product.

"People think we're hurting," says Duke, "but my bag is deception and intrigue. Ain't nobody getting a serve past my midget, Clancy. And the Caveman just might pound somebody."

"Who are these guys?" said San Diego announcer Jacobs at a Sol practice. "They look like they hold their draft in the desert."

Peppier commanded respect from the opposition. And well she might. The 6-foot, 30-year-old Mary Jo has been the best woman volleyballer in the world for years but just recently gained celebrity status with her victory in the women's Superstars contest. She is sloc-eyed, variously sultry and regal. "A snarly, dynamite lady," said one Breaker in admiration.

Then, too, Peppier is single-handedly responsible for changing the IVA rules to make women the most important factor in the league. In addition to the slightly larger and heavier blue, white and yellow ball and the shorter 12-point games, league rules dictate that at least two women (of a team's six players) must be

on the floor at all times. Instead of the normal strict rotation, which might create mismatches at the net, the IVA has adopted "designated switchers." These are one man and woman who can change positions on each point, the hitter-blocker (male) moving up to the front line, and the setter-bumper (usually female) switching to the back; women are better at saving, or "digging," a ball and bumping or setting a spike from back there anyway.

But Peppier's strength and agility forced the IVA into a sort of amendment, "the wildcard," whereby one of a team's women is permitted to function along the front row as an extra hitter-blocker. Naturally this is already known as the "Peppier rule" and Mary Jo took good advantage of it in the first game Friday night. Facing game point at 11-8 against her team, Peppier whirled to net and spiked a placement between four Breakers to gain side-out. The Sol went on to win 13-11.

"I have to have a physical outlet in this game, a power outlet," Peppier said. "I wouldn't be in the IVA without the wildcard rule."

What was supposed to be a struggle between San Diego's hitter-blockers and El Paso's tricky setting game instead was dominated early by the magnificent all-round play of De Melo Gama.

Windmilling his arms, hammering spikes, dinking little kills, the Caveman astounded even the Breakers with a vertical leap only David Thompson could approximate. Consistently he would fly over the taller Wardrop and Suwara for points. San Diego had to change tactics to handle the Brazilian: Suwara moved into the middle with Wardrop taking the outside to set up a better block.

Meanwhile the sight of El Paso's tiny 90-pounder, Clancy, constantly exchanging positions with the massive English seemed like something out of Ringling Brothers.

English is a marvelous athlete whose potential is awesome, and early in the match he came through with some wondrous spikes and blocks; he even won the first game with a strong stuff-block on Wardrop. But English has been playing volleyball for only three months, and his inexperience began to cost the Sol enough points that he was benched throughout the final game.

After the teams split the first two games, the ubiquitous Hogan made his

presence felt with some fine setting to lead San Diego to a 12-6 victory in the third.

Though the women were acquitting themselves admirably—Gregory contributing assists all over for the Breakers, Peppier hurling her body every which way to make saving digs for the Sol—El Paso's hitters were failing.

Nonetheless the visiting coaches kept giving each other affectionate pats on the rump (something else you don't see in team tennis) and the Brazilian Caveman began to erupt again. At 8—all in the fourth game, De Melo Gama made a kill for side-out to the Sol and he took serve. Four points later—a neat Gama bump and Maze spike followed by three San Diego errors—El Paso had won 12-8 and tied the match at two games each.

That was the setting of the Sol. In the fifth game San Diego grabbed momentum on some early sets by Hogan, and the Breakers began to wash over the opposition. Suwara finally made a tough one-on-one block of De Melo Gama for a 4-1 lead. ("I roofed the Caveman," he said later.) Boomer Milliken stuffed a spike by Maze for an 8-1 margin. ("Eat it, eat it," Boomer shouted at the El Paso hit man.) And Hogan settled the issue when he went to the service line with San Diego ahead by 10-1.

With the Breaker bench in an uproar and Jacobs screaming over the P.A., "It's Magic Time," Hogan uncorked his famous serve.

Back to the court, he hurled the ball up through the fog of the arena ceiling. As it descended, Hogan wheeled around, made some kind of leaping impersonation of a maniac and punched it deep across the net.

It worked twice and the Breakers scored both times for a 12-1 victory.

In the joyous San Diego locker room afterward, Hogan acknowledged a new feeling about volleyball.

"The deal is, it's a whole new role model," he said. "Look at these celebs, this excitement. It's not like being a beach rat trading in empty soda pop bottles for pennies. Now I'm a pro."

Which the girls could agree with. Over in the corner Gregory said she couldn't remember having so much fun in volleyball, if it weren't for one thing. "This league is only a game old," she said, "and already I have a run in my uniform."

At least Gregory didn't get six-pucked.

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There's no debating the dolce of his vita around the pad; the question about Tim Foli, slick fielder and hothead, is whether his temperament has helped or hurt his career

by PAT JORDAN

SHORTSTOP WITH A SHORT FUSE

They are debating the question of whether she should pose nude for *Playboy*. "Oh, Baby! But it's art!" says the Bunny sitting on Tim Foli's lap. "I don't care," says Foli. "I don't want the whole world to see what I got." "Oh, Baby, you're so jealous! Like a little boy." She frowns, sticks out her lower lip in imitation of a petulant child about to cry. She tosses her long blonde hair, folds her arms across her chest and arches her back. She is wearing a long skirt and a gauzy white peasant blouse. Foli, wearing a plaid shirt and jeans, absent-mindedly begins to scratch her back.

Foli's attention wanders to the music emanating from his elaborate stereo system, whose speakers dominate the living room of his Montreal apartment. The apartment is decorated in a style—Playboy Gothic—that seems to be typical of unmarried professional athletes. The dining room contains a massive table and brightly cushioned chairs, and the walls are beige, while the living room is all macho brown and black naugahyde that has been tufted, rolled, pleated and buttoned like the interior of a highly customized

automobile. The living-room rug, shaggy as an unshorn sheep, is sprinkled with satin pillows, one of which is adorned with the silhouette of a rabbit wearing a Henry James collar. Spread across one entire wall is a rug depicting Tibetan tigers gamboling up and down snow-capped mountains, which must surely be the Himalayas.

"Aren't they lifelike?" says the Bunny, who seems to have forgotten her petulance. "Like they're gonna jump right out at you. I discovered it on one of my modeling assignments."

"She's very photogenic," says Foli. "Last year she was voted Montreal's Bunny of the Year and then on national television she was picked Miss Photogenic out of all the Bunnies in the world."

"Oh, Baby," she says. She twists around to face him and they kiss, oblivious, as if sitting in the rear seat of a 1950 Mercury. All that's missing is a toy dog propped in the rear window, his mechanical head nodding eternally. When they finish kissing, she turns and says, "Once I visited the Playboy Club in Chicago. It was breathtaking! All those gigantic





Foli at work on the field and at ease with his comely Bunny in his Montreal apartment.

nudes on the walls! I mean, it was in such good taste. Very artistic. While I was there I got to pose for this really super photographer. It was an honor to work with him, and so thrilling! I just lost myself, started striking all these seductive poses. I was wearing clothes, of course. This one is jealous. He was afraid that maybe I showed too much. I had to show him how far I unbuttoned my shirt. Only to here. Right, Baby? Like I told you?"

"They're dying for her to pose for a centerfold," says Foli. "They're pleading with her. But she won't do it. Besides, I don't want her to."

"I don't know why, Baby. It makes me so mad. People have this terrible image of Bunnies. Just because they pose for the centerfold doesn't mean they, you know, sleep around. Why, when Baby and I started dating in Montreal the publicity was terrible. The Expos tried to get him to stop. They said it gave the club a bad image. But now that they see that we have a lasting relationship going, other players are dating Bunnies."

"But I was the first," says Foli. "It was rough for a while. The newspapers

continued

really laid it on her. They made such a big thing out of her being older than me. I mean, I'm 23 and she's only—"

"Oh, Baby! How could you? It's only three years and it's like my death—well, four then. I just turned 27."

"When I first started dating her I had to make her see that age didn't mean a thing. Just because I'm 23 doesn't mean I act like a kid."

"Baby, if I was going out with any other 23-year-old, I just couldn't accept it. But you're so . . . mature. We couldn't live the way we do if I thought you were just a kid. I mean, I'm 26, well, 27, and I've never put my faith in any man. I was married for five years and I learned I'm stronger than any man I could ever meet. I always know what I'm doing. But Baby, well, he's so different. He's so—you know. I like it this way. Of course, I could get along on my own, but I don't think it's right for a woman to be by herself. She likes someone to do things for her. Baby makes all the decisions in our home. Isn't that right, Baby? If he doesn't want me to do something, he just lets me know. And he's so mild. Why, he never loses his temper. Do you, Baby? I was scared of him, at first. I mean I heard all these horrible stories about him, about what a wild man he is, a maniac, and some of the things the papers said he did. I just didn't believe it was the same man. With me he's just as mild as can be."

Tim Foli, shortstop for the Montreal Expos, 24 years old now and, since December, husband of the Bunny in his life, Ginette Pelissier, has an unmanagable cowlick that gives him the look of a small boy with unlimited funds browsing in a candy store. His voice is soft and hesitant and, like most youths, he is at first painfully shy around strangers; but after only a short while he is disarmingly open. "You can see everything about me," he says. "I'm easy to read. I'm right there." But it is a passive openness. It responds rather than initiates. It dwells on the self and assumes that all others dwell on that same self. It is the openness of a youth who still views himself as the center of the universe, and whose every success or failure is therefore magnified accordingly. There is also about that passivity, despite its openness, a sense of control, of consciously holding back words and thoughts and feelings and exuberances that are dying to burst forth. "Sometimes," says Foli, "I just

feel like exploding. No reason, I just, sometimes I feel . . . I compensate by trying to be extra soft whenever I can."

Tim Foli's conscious softness has often been only a gauzy film. Clearly visible beneath it there is a nature prone to violent outbursts in a game whose leisurely pace makes such displays all the more conspicuous. In his first four seasons as a major-leaguer, first with the New York Mets and since 1972 with the Expos, Foli managed to get into more fights with opposing players, umpires, and even his own teammates, and to hit more innocent bystanders with thrown helmets, bats and balls than the average high-spirited player might in a 20-year career. The Mets nicknamed him "Crazy Horse." His detractors, mostly sports-writers and opposing players he fought with, claimed that his outbursts were the childish tantrums of an as-yet unformed man and a serious deterrent to his ever becoming the kind of quality shortstop his talent suggested he would be. On the other hand, Foli's boosters, most notably himself and his manager, Gene Mauch, claimed that his outbursts resulted from his intense desire to win and excel and that this was precisely the reason why Foli was already one of the best shortstops in the game.

Today the Mauch viewpoint is gaining adherents, for not only is the 1975 Foli a crackerjack player, he is a notably steadier human being. So far he has been thrown out of only one game—for a regrettable but by no means nasty bit of umpire-bumping.

As a youth growing up in Canoga Park, Calif., the son of an Italian-American father and an Irish-French mother, Tim Foli was such a talented athlete that by the time he graduated from high school he was offered both football and baseball scholarships to the University of Southern California and Notre Dame and a \$75,000 baseball bonus by the Mets, who had made him their first choice in the 1968 free-agent draft. Even then, he says, he was an intense competitor. He played the most casual pickup basketball games with such ferociousness that, he admits, "even my friends resented me. I was always beating them. I played my butt off to win. I don't know any other way. How many times do you hear people say, 'It's not important, let up.' Well, I can't."

In the summer of 1968, at the age of 17, Foli chose to sign the bonus contract

with the Mets rather than accept the combined scholarship at USC or Notre Dame. "I was an infidel and I decided I'd concentrate only on playing shortstop," he says. "It's where the action is. A shortstop is in every play, either fielding balls or signaling outfielders where to throw. I'm always running somewhere, doing something. And I can control things around me."

The Mets assigned Foli to their Appalachian Rookie League team in Marion, W. Va. for the final two months of the season. There he batted .281 and began to build the reputation, says Ed Kranepool of the Mets, "of a guy who's so hyper that he brings his bat back to his hotel room." Foli added to that reputation the following summer when he played for Visalia of the Class A California League. One night after a particularly frustrating game in which he went 0 for 5 and made a couple of errors, Foli returned to the ball park and slept the night on second base.

"Well, not exactly on second base," he says. "It was a little to the right of the bag, toward shortstop, where you might play a left-handed pull hitter. It was unbearably hot, so I found a cool spot and lay down. I'd brought my record player with me. I listened to records for a while and thought about how I'd never go 0 for 5 again and then I fell asleep."

Today, Foli does not like to be reminded of that incident. He claims it has been blown out of proportion by teammates and sportswriters. "There was really nothing to it," he says. "So I slept at shortstop! What's wrong with that?" Mauch agrees with Foli. "He had a bad night and he went home to sleep," says Mauch, with a faint grin. "His home is shortstop, that's all."

Foli batted .303 with 15 home runs at Visalia in 1969, and the following spring he was with the Mets in St. Petersburg. He was the talk of the camp with his spirited play at short. A story in *The Sporting News* asserted, "There was not a flaw in Foli's daily performances as he cavorted with the ease and poise of a veteran. . . . He draws raves everywhere he goes from players, managers, scouts and fans." Still, the Mets were fresh from their miraculous World Series triumph and they had two established shortstops in Bud Harrelson and Al Wei, so Foli played the 1970 season at Tidewater of the Triple-A International League.

"I made the Mets that spring," says

continued

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SHORT FUSE

Foli. "I made the club. But they wouldn't let me play."

In 1971, after another minor-league season in which he batted .261 and hit 36 home runs, Foli finally did make the Mets in spring training, and it was then that *The Sporting News* described him as "King of the Rednecks." At that time the Mets were managed by Gil Hodges, a stoical man whose younger players (Harrelson, Grote, Seaver, Kranepool) were almost equally cool and self-disciplined. Foli's emotionalism ran against the grain of the team. While most Mets sat complacently on the bench in the dugout and watched the action, Foli paced back and forth across their field of vision, screaming epithets at opposing players, umpires and even his own teammates. Whenever he did get to play that first year, which was not often, he viewed his every error and out as a tragedy. He challenged umpires nose-to-nose whenever he was called out on strikes and kicked dirt every time he made an error. Some of his teammates—Seaver, for example—wondered out loud: "How much will the umpire take?" But in the next breath Seaver seemed to excuse Foli's outbursts by saying they were indicative of his great competitive spirit and desire to win at all costs. There were others that year, however, who were not so charitable. In Foli's tantrums they saw the blustering of a child trying to conceal his deficiencies behind a smoke screen of rage. The more he screamed at a called third strike, the more people around him tended to forget that it was he, Foli, who was to blame for that strikeout and not the umpire. In this way, he was able to lessen his burden of guilt for, say, striking out with the winning run on base.

One day in the summer of 1971 Foli managed to so anger Ed Kranepool, a player whose name is almost synonymous with placidity, that Kranepool flattened him with one punch. It seems that Foli was having a frustrating time in the field that day. At one point, while Kranepool was tossing ground balls to his infielders between innings, Foli fumed and fired a ball back to Kranepool in the dirt. Kranepool responded by not tossing any more ground balls to Foli for the rest of the warmup. Foli seethed and later in the Met dugout he shoved Easy Ed, and Easy Ed punched him.

"He was showing me up in front of my teammates," says Kranepool. "I couldn't let him do that. What happens

with Tammy is everything builds up inside him and he explodes on whoever happens to be closest to him. When he's ready to explode, he'll even take his frustrations out on his teammates. They're just there, that's all. I think it's partly because he wants to impress people, and when he fails to it kind of hurts his ego. It's because of his desire to win, too. Once we played bridge after a game and he wouldn't let anyone leave because he was losing. If it was up to him he would have made us all stay in the clubhouse through the night until he finally won."

Foli played only sporadically in 1971, primarily as a utility man. He did everything but pitch and catch at one time or another and grew increasingly frustrated at his inability to crack the starting lineup at short, where Harrelson seemed to have found a home for the next 10 years. Foli came to bat only 288 times that year and hit .226. His frustrations erupted the following spring training in the usual way—a fight with a fellow Met, this time the bullpen coach, Joe Pignatano. The fight began as an argument over tickets to an Eastern Hockey League game of the St. Petersburg Suns, then in last place. "Can you imagine," said a sportswriter, "fighting over tickets to a last-place minor-league hockey team in the state of Florida?"

It was that fight that precipitated Foli's exit from the Mets. Before the season started, he was traded to the Expos, along with Ken Singleton and Mike Jorgensen, for Rusty Staub.

"I never did get into the Mets," says Foli. "They weren't really my kind of team. They're very unemotional. Hodges may have been a great manager, like everyone says, but I never really could understand him. He never said a word to me. In the middle of a game he'd point to me and then point to the playing field. I'd grab my glove, run out onto the field, and then realize I didn't know where he wanted me to play. I'd just stand there in the middle of the infield until everyone had taken their position and then I'd run to the position that was still empty. I like to communicate with people. I have to. I have to know what's going on inside them, what they expect of me. I want to know everything, to learn everything, and I want everyone to know me, to know what makes me tick. But I never got this feeling from the Mets or Hodges. With Gene it's different. He got right into me, let me know what he was thinking, and

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he wanted to know what I was thinking. It's the same with our pitchers. I'm always asking them what pitches they'd throw in what situation. I want to know everything. Some hitters say to me, 'Don't talk to the pitchers too much, 'cause if they're traded they'll know how to pitch to you.' I don't care about that! Jeez, I even talk to Yogi when we play the Mets. He'll ask me what a particular player did against us and I tell him. I'll communicate with anyone who wants to communicate with me."

When Foli was traded to the Expos, many assumed he was just a throw-in; it was Ken Singleton Montreal wanted. But in private conversations Mauch will let it slip that he wanted Foli as much as Singleton, because he considered him the perfect tonic for a veteran-logged expansion team that had grown too complacent. Foli would light a fire under that team, Mauch assumed. Mauch said he had taken to the young shortstop because "there's no mystery to him" and because he bore a strong resemblance to a fiery shortstop of another generation—Mauch himself.

With the Expos, Foli has been the No. 1 shortstop. He is a superior fielder, with excellent range and a strong throwing arm. He is a .260 hitter and is learning to settle for frequent and accurate slap hits (curving line drives, like hooked golf shots), rather than the occasional long ball he hit in Visalia. One afternoon, while recuperating from a fractured thumb, he spent almost an hour taking batting practice at Jarry Park. Each time he slapped at the ball and made contact he howled in pain and then stopped, hands on hips, and smiled as the ball curved over first, hit the foul line midway down the right-field line, kicked up white dust and then skidded into the opposing team's bullpen. "I'll take a dozen of those," said Foli, resuming his stance. Watching him take his private batting practice in the afternoon was Ginetie. She clapped her hands with glee and said, "Oh, isn't he cute."

But as Foli learned to discipline his physical talent, his efforts to get a rein on his emotionalism did not keep pace. In May 1972 Foli was fined for arguing a bit too strenuously over a called third strike. Five days later he was banished from a game, fined and suspended for three games for pushing the plate umpire after a third-strike call. In September

he argued vehemently after being called out at first on a play so unarguable that his own first-base coach did not even give it a second look. Later, Foli was thrown out of the game.

Foli's tirades diminished somewhat in 1973, although he still managed to get himself ejected from a June game, and to suffer a badly fractured jaw in July, when, making the pivot on a double play at second, he collided with Houston's Bob Watson. Said Watson after the game, "I saw him lower his shoulder and launch himself at me, so I brought my arms up in front of me to defend myself. I caught him in the mouth with my left forearm. I could feel the whole side of his face cave in. His glasses flew off [Foli wears contact lenses now] and when I looked down at him I could see blood running out of his mouth. 'Good God,' I said to myself, 'I hope I haven't killed him.'"

Foli spent three days in Royal Victoria Hospital with his jaw held together by surgical wire. Writing in his column for the *Montreal Star*, John Robertson said, "What the 20,129 stunned spectators saw manifesting itself was the private war of Tim Foli with his own limitations—a self-imposed act of retribution for the error he had made on the previous play, which allowed Watson to get on base in the first place."

On another occasion, Robertson wrote, "By some warped logic, he [Mauch] translates these fits of rage as desire to win. They are nothing of the kind."

Whatever those rages were indicative of—a desire to excel or merely the tantrums of an embarrassed child—Mauch refused to try to stifle them, and meanwhile the eruptions were becoming still more widely spaced. In 1974 Foli barely tickled the Richter scale while earning a spot on the All-Star ballot. He is on it again this year. Mauch concludes: "I never tried to knock that intensity out of him. It's hard enough to find it, let alone to take it away from a player. Without that intensity, which sometimes comes out in adverse ways, Foli might not have the desire to excel in a positive way. You have to accept one with the other. In the past those outbursts may have been a deterrent, but I think maybe now there's a maturity coming into his life. After all, a man doesn't know what kind of man he's going to become when he's still a boy."

END

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That saddle is too loose," the teacher says. "I wouldn't ride a Shetland pony to water with a saddle that loose." The students cluster around the bucking chute, listening with studied cowboy nonchalance as Larry Mahan demonstrates the proper way to cinch a saddle. Inside, a bronc by the name of Slippery Sue stands as still as a sultry afternoon before a thunderstorm.

Mahan balances on the middle rung of the gate and leans over to untie the latigo from the D ring. "I'll get it done in a New York minute," he says. Slippery Sue's ears are laid flat back against her head, a sure sign of impending violence. On the other side of the chute, an aspiring 19-year-old bronc rider from Mount Laurel, N.J., who is having his saddle adjusted by the biggest name in rodeo, tries to take it all in.

Slippery Sue is one of a string of 80 bucking horses owned by a rodeo contractor in Arcadia, Fla. There are 35 bulls as well—Brahma and cross-breed—wandering among the palmettos. Larry Mahan's school (which after this go-round moves to Mesquite, Texas) provides instruction in the three riding events—bull, saddle bronc and bareback. A rodeo contractor, in this case Pat Hansel, supplies the stock for a share of the tuition. Cowboys respect these animals, honoring them as competitors and fellow athletes. They remember their names and how they buck, for each bronc or bull has his own distinctive pattern of moves. Mahan advises his students to keep a notebook and jot down what they recall after each ride. Should they draw the same animal in the future they'll know what to expect. Occasionally, when Mahan or Dennis

RIDE 'EM, COWBOY



It may be a school of hard knocks, but students sign up for superstar seminars to learn the ropes of rodeo

by WILLIAM HJORTSBERG

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANE STEWART

Reiners, the 1970 world champion saddle brone rider who is assisting Mahan, asks the chute man the names of the brones, he gets reintroduced to an old opponent. Bad River is a horse on which Reiners placed sixth in Denver in 1969. And Larry Mahan remembers placing on Ridge Runner back in Vernon, Texas.

"Ninety-nine percent of what goes wrong is my fault," says young Phil Lyne, standing in the cool half-light of the indoor arena in Cardston, Alberta, facing the first rodeo school class he's ever taught. A coil of hemp rope is clamped under one arm. Above his head, barn swallows dart and glide between the rafters and the chattering birdsong never stops.

Phil Lyne's voice is pure Texas, and in his blue baseball cap, denim work shirt

and jeans he could easily be the fellow down the road, except the fellow down the road probably wouldn't be wearing a golden belt buckle that says he was the Worlds Champion All Around Cowboy. Phil Lyne "won the World" two years in succession. He was champion calf roper both those years as well. These achievements are his credentials for teaching this calf-roping seminar and soon he will have his own school.

"You're a bulldogger, you've got to get tough, to get aggressive for this game." The teacher is on horseback. The students are on foot. Warren Wuthier's first warm-up exercise for novice steer wrestlers teaches the footwork required to bring 550 pounds of highly motivated T-bone to a standing stop from 35 mph.

The student, looking like a water ski-

er minus the water and the skis, hangs on to a 3½-foot pole tied to a length of rope dangled around the horn of Warren Wuthier's saddle. The object is to be dragged down the arena, heels dug in and leaning back, and not end face-first in the dirt, plowing a furrow with your nose.

Wuthier dismounts to demonstrate the correct style: the pole held like a steer's horns, left hand gripping one end of the pole and the other end cradled in his right elbow. As he starts to slide he drops into a low crouch, feet forward, a position he maintains all the way to the back fence of the Cardston arena without getting his sweat shirt dirty.

Rodeo announcers always like to point out that Jim Gladstone's grandfather was the first Indian senator in Canada. A three-time Canadian calf-roping champi-

continued





ON. Gladstone started his first rodeo school—for Indian boys—nine years ago with a government grant. Although his new indoor arena is located on the edge of the Blood Reserve in Alberta and the student roster is sprinkled with names like Leslie Tail Feathers, Jim Several-reed, Marvin Many Chief, Everett Eagle Plume, Brian Many Grey Horses and Leroy Heavy Runner, his school is no longer primarily for Indians.

Now billed as the World's Largest Rodeo College, Jim Gladstone's school offers all the events from barrel racing to bull riding. The faculty at any one time may include not only Warren Wuthier and Phil Lyne, but also world champions Joe Alexander, "Cody Bill" Smith and John Quintana. You'd have to go to Harvard or Berkeley to find another college with so many distinguished names on the payroll. In comparison, the Mahan school is largely a one-man show.

There are no correspondence schools in rodeo. If you want to learn, you must do it in person. The place to look for further information is *Rodeo Sports News*, a tabloid-sized biweekly journal published by the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association in Denver. Every issue carries numerous ads for schools in the various events. As a rule, the schools are taught by cowboys competing on the circuit, whenever they can fit an off-week-end into their busy schedules.

Some of the legendary hands of yesterday have also turned to teaching: for a while Cusey Tibbs was bunking students at a motel in North Hollywood ("Two blocks from World Famous Palomino Room . . . No Cover Charge for Students"). Now Tibbs is headquartered at the posh San Diego Country Estates development. Jim Shoulders, who has been running rodeo schools in Oklahoma for years, makes a point of advertising that his is a "Full-time business—NOT a sideline." The cowboys doing it as a sideline are often reigning world champions. Learning bareback riding from Joe Alexander or calf roping from Dean Oliver is the equivalent of having Henry Aaron teach you how to bat.

The students usually bring their own equipment. Very often it is brand-new, but even those with well used gear feel they can pick up pointers from the pros.

LARRY MAHAN devotes the first morning of his school to working with equipment. It is raining and the students gather under the judging booth with their bronc saddles, bareback rigging and bull ropes. Mahan and Dennis Reiners consult with each novice, repairing broken quarter binds, adjusting stirrup length and tightening bindstraps until every saddle fits its owner like a custom-made shoe. "Get to know your equipment," Mahan says. "Eat and sleep with your saddle. Treat your rigging like a new bride."

Bareback rigging looks like a suitcase handle attached to a curved piece of leather. Like a saddle, it has latigos, D rings and a cinch to hold it on the horse. The suitcase resemblance ends at the hucking chute, at least until American Tourister starts manufacturing pneumatic drills. Because the idea is to hang on and keep spurring, much depends on the proper grip. So Mahan shows the young bareback riders how to prepare a goatskin or steerhide glove so it'll hold properly in the rigging.

Lighting the end of a rolled newspaper, he burns rows into the palm until it is stiff and says, "It's best not to roll up your bareback glove like one you'd use for hull riding. If you ride both events, buy two gloves and leave the one for bareback always open so it keeps its shape and doesn't wrinkle across the palm. You should get so you can pick your glove out of a pile of equipment in a pitch-dark motel room. Someday you might have to, because part of going down the road is learning how to sleep 10 to a room and live on one hot dog a day."

Calf ropers tote the most gear—quarter horse, van, tack—in pickups with tape decks. Even the ropers travel first-class in round metal containers that look like hothouses with hinged lids. On the first morning of school the expensive quarter horses remain tethered to the vans and pickups parked in front of Gladstone's indoor arena while Phil Lyne concentrates on the rope. "The farther from the eye you hold the rope, the flatter the loop you throw," he says. "When you hold it close to the eye you get a dip in the loop."

Hay bales are used for practice. A bale is about the size and width of a 200-pound calf and the loop has to stay open to ring it. The students throw again and again, jumping their ropes free when see-

cessful by flicking a wave of slack down the line. Lyne wanders among the twirling lamats, offering information acquired in 20 years of roping. "Always rope down," he tells one man. "You narrow your loop when you rope sidearm." To another he says: "Rope it deep. If you rope it high it's like roping a calf around the eyes." The thing to aim for, he assured the entire group, is consistency. "If you don't do it, someone else will."

WELCOME TO HOME OF THE FIGHTING BOKATS, reads a long blue banner on the wall of the domed field house at Montana State University. The basketball court is in storage now and dirt covers the floor of the arena. Bucking chutes have been set up at one end, holding pens at the other. Rodeo is a popular sport at MSU. The university is conducting a five-day saddle bronc riding school and has hired as instructors Marvin Joyce and Larry Jordan, two alumni whose names appear on half a dozen golden riding trophies showcased in the field house lobby. Both are now professionals skilled enough to have made the National Finals in Oklahoma City. In fact, Joyce won the saddle bronc title there in 1972.

The students wear their names on the fronts of their high-crowned hats—Zim, Kelvin, J.R., Rob—Magic-Marked on

strips of adhesive tape. The class is divided into two groups after the initial equipment session. Those who have already been on a couple of broncs go over with Joyce to the chutes; the beginners line up with Jordan to work with a teaching aid known as the "Barrel."

This is a mechanical bronco, invented by rodeo cowboy Bill Alder. An electric motor and an ingenious arrangement of

slowly kneeling on the animal's back as it waits in the chute. "Getting on a bull is like calling on your date, you want to knock on the door and let her know you're there."

The rowels on his spurs are locked so they'll grip and not spin when the time comes, but for the moment Mahan is careful not to touch the bull with them as he slides his legs down its massive



cams and gears gives the machine the rhythm, if not the violence, of a bucking horse. On the Barrel a student practices the over-the shoulder spurring the judges look for when scoring an eight-second ride. "Turn your toes out! Turn your toes out!" Larry Jordan yells. The student on the Barrel strikes a heroic pose: free arm curved back over his head, his mouth pursed and working.

There isn't a mechanical bronco at the Hansel Ranch in Florida, so for spurring practice Larry Mahan makes do with a hay bale. An oil drum also provides a substitute for the Barrel. Straddling one, Mahan demonstrates the twisting action of a bull ride. Later, he shows his class how to approach the real thing.

"Always let the bull know that you're getting on," he says, touching the loose-skinned Brahma with his boot tip before

sides. His lecture continues while he warms the rosin on his glove to tackiness by rubbing it up and down the tail of the flat, seven-plaited bull rope one of his students is snugging behind the Brahma's shoulders. "If you buck off into your riding arm you'll come off O.K.," Mahan says. "If you go the other way your hand'll hang up in the rope."

Next, the bull rope is tightened. "My nose always starts to itch at this point," Mahan says. He shows the class how to grip the rope, the little twist he puts in the tail so it fits his hand better after being wrapped around his glove. "Once you're ready, go," Mahan scoots forward from his position on the bull's flanks until he is sitting just behind his bound hand. He keeps his feet on the rails of the chute and rests his free arm on the gate. A quick nod to the gate man and, with a pair of cowbells wildly clanging,

continued

the lecture comes to a more dramatic conclusion than most students are accustomed to hearing.

There is little to distinguish the East Coast students at Larry Mahan's riding school in Florida from ranchers' sons at MSU. A rodeo cowboy is particular about the cut of his clothes: hats must be high-crowned with the brim pulled down front and back, snap-fastened Western shirts are preferred, the fit of one's jeans is crucial—not too tight, the legs draped to just drag the ground and cover hoot heels so radically undershot that walking seems impractical.



The trophy belt buckle remains the caste mark of the sport. From the modest silver-plated oval awarded at amateur rodeos to the golden hubcap presented to the All Around Champion at the end of the season, a cowboy's stature may be determined by one look at what he uses to hold up his trousers.

"In bulldogging everything you do has to be aggressive. When you leave the box you got to be craving cattle. You got to

charge." Warren Wuthier has the enthusiasm of a football coach. On the second day of the Gladstone school the class is down from eight to five: one set of cracked ribs and two discoveries that getting dumped in the dirt all day by a steer was someone else's idea of fun.

Wuthier has sympathy for the drop-outs. So far, the students have not yet jumped a moving steer from horseback, and he would rather have them quit than get seriously hurt. Earlier, the class practiced getting off a horse led at a walk past a steer held fast by the head and tail.

This afternoon they'll do it at a gallop onto a moving animal. Meanwhile, Wuthier has them continue yesterday's bruising exercise: the student gets in the chute with the steer and jumps him as the gate is opened, heels dragging, lifting on the outside horn, trying to turn the head and grab hold of the slobbering nose. "Get aggressive with this son-of-a-gun; you *hate* that animal!" the teacher yells, running alongside.

It's the second morning of Phil Lyne's calf-roping class and those \$1,500 quarter horses are still tied to the vats. Inside the arena, Lyne works with his students on the rudiments of flanking and tying, the crucial parts of the event that occur on foot. There are two ways of throwing a calf, legging and flanking,

and the class practices both techniques on livestock released already roped from the chute. Flanking is faster and is for the skilled roper with a good horse. You grab the knot with your left hand, reach over and seize the animal's flank with your right, lift and step back and down he comes. Legging is for the novice. As the name implies, all there is to it is grabbing the front leg up close to the body and tipping. Of course, with calves weighing up to 350 pounds explanations

are purely academic; very often it's the cowboy who takes the fall.

A calf must remain securely tied for six seconds or the roper is disqualified. Because everything depends on the turn of a half hitch, Lyne carefully goes through the procedure point by point for the class. He works in slow motion: the loop in the pigging string goes over the front leg and the rest of the rope is laid out straight on the ground at the same moment he steps over the calf, the hind feet are gathered up in a single motion with either front leg and wrapped twice before the final "hooey" is tied and jerked down into place. "Don't raise up until that hooey is pulled tight," Lyne says, stepping back over the bound calf in a half-crouch with his arms extended like an umpire calling a man safe at home plate.

Dennis Reiners has a broken leg, the result of a chute accident on the rodeo circuit, and his cast restricts him to the sidelines. While Larry Mahan works with the students, even taking a turn as a pick-up rider, Reiners perches on a fence with a portable television camera. Every ride is captured on video tape. After each disaster, the student watches an instant replay while Mahan points out where he went wrong.

At the end of the day the entire class gathers in front of the set in Pat Hansel's ranch house to see it all again on a bigger screen. Ace bandages are much in evidence and just about everyone seems to be limping. When the show is over and the tube once again belongs to Walter Cronkite, the cowboys gather in the humid twilight in the carport outside the ranch house for a surprise party. It is Larry Mahan's birthday and the students present him with a large rectangular cake. On top, a plastic bucking horse with rider is mired in the frosting. While paper plates are distributed, four of the students take hold of their teacher and spend him for the traditional spanking. "Twenty-six . . . twenty-seven . . . twenty-eight . . ." they count in unison. Upside down and legs flailing, a world champion cowboy threatens his class with the rankiest outlaw stock the Hansel ranch can provide. There are two more days before school's out and it's a sure thing that the teacher won't have the only sore rump in town.



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HALF MAKES A FULL TURN

The Nelsons had a stranglehold on the bait business, but Half broke with his twin brother Full to wrestle with conservation and academe

A Short Story by ELLINGTON WHITE

The committee has come to the right person on this one. Although I have never been on intimate terms with the subject of your inquiry, I have been around him off and on for a long time now, my hobby having upon numerous occasions taken me into the powerful ripside of his obsession, and as a result of these random encounters I am able to offer the following observations in the hope that the committee will find them of some use.

I believe it was in 1958, possibly '57, that I first met Half Nelson and his brother Full, twin sons of a wrestling father. They were bait dealers on Santee Cooper Lake in South Carolina. I am under the impression that it was their father who put them on to the trade. He ran a garage on the highway between Moncks Corner and Charleston, and evidently the sight of all those fishermen pouring up to the lake on Saturday morning started



ding minnows from the big watering trough they pulled along behind the van on a pair of wheels. The chore of getting inside the trough and driving the minnows into a corner where they could be netted always fell into Full's capable hands, while the dry twin sipped coffee with the camp owner or distributed cards with NELSON BROS. BAIT SERVICE printed in the right-hand margin.

One shimmering morning in May, 17 years ago, a fishing rod under one arm, a tackle box under the other, I crossed the parking lot of Homer Price's boat ramp on the north side of the lake. Half stepped from behind a locust tree and cheerfully slipped one of these cards into my shirt pocket. I have kept it ever since. A school of minnows is nibbling at his and his brother's name—whose idea could that have been, Half's or the printer's?—and into the vacant white space at the center of the card several teams of night crawlers are drawing a crowded cricket cage, unaware of the largemouth bass swarming in from the upper right-hand corner after the parading baits.

Although I did not know it at the time, an important event had just occurred in Homer Price's parking lot: the Nelson Bros. had unveiled their first Blood-wormmobile. How I missed seeing this famous vehicle on its maiden voyage, I have never understood. The photograph which appeared the following morning in the Sunday edition of the *Charleston News and Courier* clearly shows my car parked in the shady background, yet no matter how often I review the events of that long-ago Saturday, drawing as it were a scene through the murky depths of memory, a figure Half would appreciate, either the net comes up empty or with trivia caught in the mesh: what kind of sandwich I had for lunch (bologna) or the stabbing scent of a carp rotting in the weeds. So I dump my unproductive haul in disgust and plunge back into the stream, convinced that somewhere in there is the van I am looking for painted a gory red with bloodworms two feet long draping from the hood and both doors.

One of my father's most cherished

memories of growing up in Atlanta was of being asked by the corner druggist to taste a drink he had just concocted. "Who knows," my father would say, pleased by his brush with destiny, "if I had not found that drink delicious, Coca-Cola might have gone down the drain." Who knows, if I had not had fishing so grossly on my mind that it bloated out all else, or if I had been more observant, I might be able to say to my children that I was on hand the day the first Blood-wormmobile rolled out of Half's inventive mind.

He had a fleet of these vans running around South Carolina before the year was out. The publicity helped him. There wasn't a newspaper in the state that didn't carry one or two pictures of a "bait buggy" in action, usually with Half at the wheel. But as important as the Blood-wormmobiles were in getting the organization off the ground, some credit must be given to the unusual variety of minnow which Half distributed. He imported them from one of the Central American countries and they had the advantage over our local minnows of staying alive longer on a hook. Being a plug fisherman myself, I never used any of the "Nelson Minnows," as they were described in fat black letters on the back of each van with the addendum *THE BAIT WITH NINE LIVES*. Quite frankly, the ones I saw looked to me no different from ordinary mud minnows, although fishermen more expert than I in these matters verified everything Half said about them. I have always regretted not seeing a television show on which Half appeared with a minnow that had spent close to an hour in the belly of an 11-pound largemouth bass before being used a second time to catch an eight-pound rockfish. Still very much alive, the minnow was circling inside a small Plexiglas tank on Half's lap.

The committee may have gotten the impression that Full has disappeared from this narrative. Not really. While Half was telling the world about the miraculous minnow, Full was installing a new differential in one of the vans or laying in a fresh supply of minnows, or rotating the tires. He belonged in the back-

continued

the wheels turning in his mind. Half and Full pieced together a van out of the acres of wrecked vehicles behind the garage and went into the business of supplying crickets and minnows, night crawlers and bloodworms to the fishing camps and boat ramps that were rapidly being built around the lake. It has occurred to me since then that the soaring volume of Half's voice, an impressive instrument once it is revved up, may well have been developed during those early years in Berkeley County when he was trying to make his brother hear him above the choring crickets in the back of the van.

Full never talked much himself. He was the plodder of the two and always looked as though he had been rolled through a mixture of fish slime and mud and his clothes were rotting off him. Half, on the other hand, kept creases in his starched khakis from morning until night and even wore a rubber apron while la-

ground of the operation, a hidden beam holding it up, and so far as I know he never gave any indication of resenting this role. Presumably it had been his to play ever since he looked around as an infant and saw Half lying in the crib beside him. They were identical in all ways except one: Full's powerful body hunched under a bulging pack of muscles was just the vehicle he needed to carry out his abilities, whereas the exact same body on Half provided a disguise for the promotional wizard pulling the strings inside. The fighter who looks like a hookkeeper is a lucky fighter because he has an element of surprise working in his favor. Who ever expected such a blizzard of jabs from such a dreamy blue sky? So it was in Half's case, he was one of nature's favored few.

I ran into Homer Price one day in Charleston coming out of the A&P and asked him how business was on the lake. The Nelson Bros. had recently launched a new venture from her ramp, a bait boat "for the fishermen afloat," and I thought he might have picked up a few new customers as a result.

"Slow," he said. "Too slow. I plan on selling out."

"Oh?"

He nodded. "It's that road of mine. It's got so many holes in it won't nobody use it anymore, and I can't get the state to do anything about it. No pull."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Homer. Any offers?"

"Nothing firm. Half came by a week or so ago and made me one. I told him I'd think about it, and on the way out he got stuck and took it back." A slow smile emerged from the gray stubble surrounding his mouth. "That's probably the luckiest mudhole Half ever ran into in his entire life, or him and Full would have themselves a fishcamp for sure. He won't be so lucky next time, I guarantee you that. If there is a next time."

How long it took Half to make a second offer I have no way of knowing since I was out of the state for about a year; but one of the first places I went when I got back was Homer's, and the changes that had occurred in my absence began as far away as 10 miles from the lake with the first of a series of illuminated billboards notifying motorists that they were approaching SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE, HOME OF THE FAMOUS NELSON MINNOW.

The plank with Homer's name on it had been taken down from the big cypress that used to mark the muddy entrance to his place, and the tin shack where he once sold tackle had been replaced by a converted mobile home, the Lakefront Grille, set on purple concrete blocks. An unsightly slough that used to separate Homer from the woods in back of him had been filled in to provide more parking space, and the day I was there this tangle of pine and gum was being cleared for future campsites. The figure of Full wielding a chain saw was dimly visible among the burning brush. The ramp had been widened and deepened and given overhead lights. Boats and motors were for rent here at Paradise Point—easy to reach by way of a slash of concrete six miles long that appeared without warning from the highway department's bag of surprises and eventually put Nelson Bros. in touch with Interstate 26 and the entire Eastern seaboard. So much for mudholes.

It's hard to keep track of Half's progress after this. He plunged off into the wilderness of the outdoor recreational trade, and I didn't see him again for 10 years. Full stayed at Paradise Point and with the aid of a cousin, Rooster Nelson, kept the bait buggies stocked and running with the regularity of milk trucks. Half opened a second park, Paradise Two, on the south side of the lake and then branched out into the boat business. Or maybe recreational vehicles came before boats. As I say, he was a hard man to keep track of in these years.

During the '60s the internal combustion engine went native with abandon and clothed itself in all kinds of woody garments from tents to cahins, and it is a credit to Half's acumen that he had his ear to the ground and heard them coming long before anyone else did. When they reached South Carolina in a cloud of fumes, Half was waiting for them under a string of plastic banners in one corner of a used-car lot in North Charleston, and before the year was out he had crossed the street and leased the entire block. In the first three days of July in 1966—I read this figure somewhere—he sold more campers and more motor homes than all the other dealers in the state combined, and it would be my guess that on the Fourth at least half of these were parked in one of the half-dozen Paradises that were then scattered across the

South. On Labor Day weekend of the same year, someone—I have a hunch who it might have been—slipped into Paradise One while the campers were sleeping and slit the tires on 22 of the vehicles, but Half replaced the tires without charge and thus succeeded in keeping untarnished his much-advertised promise, "In our Kampground no one goes away unhappy."

We come now to the crescendo of this recreational overture, Paradise Shores, a parcel of vacation homesites on a twisted and somewhat swampy finger of the lake not far from where the twins were born. Guarded by two brick columns, the gravel road into the development joins the highway within a stone's throw of the old garage behind which the first Blood-wormmobile was put together. In a sense that road completed another of the globe's great circles and must have been a source of deep satisfaction to the parents of the two boys who made it all happen. I see the aging wrestler and his wife standing on the back stoop and watching with interest and awe as one great Sale-O-Rama after another bursts over the soggy landscape to the rear of them. Half moved a lot of real estate in a very short period of time and did it with such ease, partly due to his E-Z terms, that he bought another tract on a lake in Georgia and set about building a second community "where holidays last the year round."

Something happened, however, something he hadn't counted on. A little hitch appeared in the romping rhythm of things, and it changed Half's life. I am not too clear on all the details since the rumors that brought the story to Charleston were at best vague; but apparently not long before the first lot in the new development was to go on the market, the county in which the lake was located established some standards on the disposal of sewage near public waters and notified Half that he would be expected to abide by them. In all probability this was the first time in his career as a builder he had ever heard of such a thing. He had been used to dropping a septic tank in the ground and running a couple of drain fields off into the woods and letting it go at that. Standards? Codes? A county official in the white overalls of the sanitation department came out to the lake with a little auger and twisted a plug of Half's expensive soil out of the ground



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But while the Peugeot wagon is built to do what a wagon should do, it's also built to do what most wagons don't do: handle like a sedan.

So it also has rack-and-pinion steering, Michelin steel-belted radial tires, and anti-sway bars front and back. And to help you handle the price of gas, it has an economical four-cylinder engine. (We also make the only diesel station wagon sold in America.)

But hauling and handling aren't the only virtues of a Peugeot wagon. It's also built to hold up.

We make sure of that by making most of our own parts. And by inspecting every single part at least once, whether we made it or not.

In all, it takes 46,000 quality checks to make a Peugeot. And every Peugeot we make is test-driven over a special track.

But you can't really appreciate a Peugeot wagon unless you drive one. At Peugeot dealers in every state across the country, you can do just that. And at many of them, you can take a Peugeot for a 24-hour Trial.

Which may sound like we're sticking our neck out. But we've been building cars since 1889. And when you've been at it that long, you build up a little confidence.



The Peugeot wagon has 4 coil springs in back instead of just two.



PEUGEOT
A different kind of luxury car.

and told him sorry it wouldn't percolate.

Percolate? I guess not. It's not a coffee pot, is it? Ha, ha. What does that word mean, son?

It means, Mr. Nelson, that you can put up all the houses you want to around this lake so long as you don't put a toilet in a single one of them.

This announcement etched a line down one side of Half's face as clean as a razor, and six months later when he returned to Charleston the line was still there, working its way along the edge of his chin. How could you sell the American people on holidays without toilets? Impossible. With the help of a lawyer he managed to find a loophole in the restrictions and squeezed through without losing all of his shirt, though he lost some of it, but for a while there it looked as though bad days had fallen upon the Nelson Bros. empire.

When Half came home a general sag was apparent in his overall shape, as though a sudden hard blow had knocked him lopsided. Everyone attributed this to his first encounter with failure, but we may have been wrong. Possibly that worried look in his eye and air of remoteness were due to a close call with disaster. Possibly he had come home to mope about the past. But it is also possible that he had come home to worry about the future. Possibly the future had sent him a message down there in Georgia—tap, tap—and so far he hadn't been able to figure out what it meant.

In the meantime he busied himself with *Bigmouth*, the magazine for dedicated bass anglers, which he had started some years before to promote fishing on the lake, especially the organized bass derbies that were a part of the vacation packages offered at the various Paradise parks. Until this period in his life Half had never had much time for the magazine. He farmed out the editorial chores and let Full and Rooster distribute the finished product on their bait rounds.

Full loved *Bigmouth*. How many times have I seen him, a familiar figure in rumpled khaki, perched on the edge of a minnow trough holding a copy in his large wet hands and slowly turning the pages, pausing now and then to admire the photograph of a lunger that some lucky angler had dredged out of the depths with a Nelson minnow. If he happened to see you getting into your boat, he would bring the magazine over and show you

the photograph. "How'd you like to catch one like that?" he would say, humming softly to himself the way a dog full of food will sing to the moon of his contentment. Full must have seen thousands of these pictures in a lifetime spent close to the lake, yet the ugliest fish that swims, outside of possibly the universally despised mud toad, continued to delight him in all the many poses of its being, whether crashing through a raft of lily pads, its great jaws opened wide as though trying to engulf the sky, or else hanging limp from the finger of a happy derby winner on his way up the beach to collect his prize.

I suppose it is only fitting that it should have been in the pages of *Bigmouth* that I first glimpsed the man we know today as Professor Half Nelson. There was a signed editorial by him near the front of the magazine. It was unusual in *Bigmouth* to find so many words on a single page. My initial impression was that a typesetter had wandered through the photographs with a bullwhip herding the letters of the alphabet into a pen on page 3. But even more surprising than the words themselves was the sense that seemed to be rising from them. Half said that too many bass were being killed by greedy fishermen and that unless this practice was stopped "the grand old fellow of our southern waterways" was in danger of being wiped out. "No one who calls himself an angler wants that to happen. Let us henceforth keep fewer of his numbers than before and dedicate ourselves as concerned outdoorsmen to doing everything in our power to protect his habitat against polluted water."

The birth of a conservationist had just occurred, and in wonderment I closed the magazine and stared into the blue mystery of space. The first hammer blows that long ago pieced together the first Bloodwormmobile were ringing softly in my ears, and I realized that here in *Bigmouth* another vehicle, more streamlined than the van, was being forged to carry Half into the future, a future that had almost overtaken him in Georgia and laid him low. As he told me when I congratulated him on his editorial, "I've decided to go into the theoretical end of the business."

And so he did. The committee is as familiar as I am with the rest of the story. *Bigmouth*, growing in size, became something of a lunger in its own right and car-

ried Half's views on the endangered environment to all corners of the state. His booming voice, trained among crickets, served him well on the banquet circuit among Lions and Elks. He was a favorite with garden clubs and church groups. He organized conferences and seminars and appeared before the State Assembly in support of a number of pieces of environmental legislation. He hosted a series of television specials on our natural heritage. He instructed Scouts of both sexes and led a much-publicized children's crusade against litter on our highways.

I realize I am beginning to sound like the preamble of an honorary degree, which Half is due to get any year now, but how is it possible to sum up all he has done for our society in the last five years without sounding that way? When he came to this institution in the fall of 1970 to lecture on environmental issues, there were certain members of the faculty, myself included, who wondered if he had the proper academic credentials. Students who were accustomed to seeing him on television and liked his rugged face felt that he would be a breath of fresh air among our stuffy ranks, and it was largely to appease them that he was hired. Once again students were right and we were wrong. Before the year was out Half had established himself as a respected member of the community and one of the most popular teachers on campus.

Hurrah for Half!

I am proud to recommend to this committee that he be granted tenure at this institution and promoted to a full professor. His new course "The Dynamics of Leisure," a field he has recently gone into now that the fire seems to be going out from underneath the environmental pot, promises to be a dandy, and his journal of ecological thought, *Pulmonia*, the old *Bigmouth*, has already brought us considerable prestige.

Full sells live bait under his own name now. I saw him just the other day. He and Half are no longer on speaking terms. Most people think the rift occurred when Half took all the photographs out of *Bigmouth* and changed the name. But that is not so. What really drove a wedge between them was Half's decision to scrap the Bloodwormmobiles and introduce a line of Nelson minnows made of balsa wood.

END

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Throughout his career, Jim Kaat, the greatest 6'4" left-handed Dutch pitcher in history, has obediently answered to "Kitty." But why? His name is not pronounced "cat," but "cot," as in army cot, canvas cot, uncomfortable-but-it's-the-best-we-can-do cot. Nor is there anything feline about his appearance: large feet, long, thick legs, short torso and arms, and, on top, a flat face with a forceful jaw and a generous nose rising to a high forehead and a Chicago White Sox cap.

So why all the catcalls? Ever since being rejuvenated by an unorthodox pitching motion, he has been kitty-littered with quips. Jim Kaat has nine lives. Jim Kaat always lands on his feet. You can teach an old Kaat new tricks.

To be sure, he has been something of the cat's pajamas since Minnesota waived him goodby in August 1973. Kaat was 21-13 last season and is currently 8-2. Only two years ago he was a 34-year-old junk pitcher with an 11-12 record and a 4.41 ERA. The Twins, with whom he became the winningest active left-handed pitcher in the AL, figured he was washed up. But the Sox, particularly Johnny Sain, figured he only needed rereads.

Sain had been Kaat's pitching coach in 1965 and 1966 when he won 43 games for Minnesota. "It's really great to work with someone who thinks exactly as you do," Kaat said then. He was such an enthusiastic disciple that when Sain was unexpectedly fired after the 1966 season, Kaat wrote an angry letter to the front office. And in another display of devotion the following year he named his Great Dane after him. So after the two joined up again in Chicago it was just like old times.

"I knew what Jim was going through," says Sain, who was 33 years old in 1951 when the Braves prematurely traded him—he then had two good years with the Yankees. "Fortunately, both of us were willing to experiment and try new things. Not many pitchers change their entire delivery the way he has, though. I'm amazed by it."

No less amazed are the American League hitters, who began yelling "quick pitch" as soon as they saw Kaat's no-windup motion in spring training. The idea was planted last year when Sain suggested a quicker windup. Now the wind-up has been quenched out of existence. Kaat, learning in, takes the catcher's sign with his left foot on the rubber, his right

Jim's jolly rejuvenation

Crawling in on big Kaat feat, the White Sox' elderly lefthander is begogging American League batters with the quickest pitch in baseball

foot back and the ball held waist high. Instead of winding up, he steps forward with his right leg, swings his left arm around and releases any one of three particularly effective pitches: a slow curve, a fast curve (or "slurve," which Sain taught him in Minnesota) and a surprisingly peppy fastball. "Instead of throwing with my body the way most pitchers do, it's almost entirely my arm," Kaat says. "It's hard to understand, but my fastball is better than it's ever been."

As a result, batters no longer have time to dig in and umpires are asking if Kaat would please wait until their chest protectors are in place. Even his own infielders must be ever vigilant. After being caught off guard earlier this year, Third Baseman Bill Melton said hopefully, "You don't plan to do that all season, do you?"

"People usually complain that games are too slow," Kaat says. "I'm only trying to get everybody home sooner."

During his 16-year career Kaat has always been a fast worker because he keeps the ball in the strike zone, where, for better or worse, it can be swung at. Thus he must rely heavily on sound defensive play, and at one position at least he has the winner of 13 Gold Glove awards—himself. (You may wonder how when you see the rotting leather glove he uses, an 11-year-old rag. The strap is held together with friction tape and there is a hole in the pocket.)

What pleases him most about his career is not the 223 wins, the 2,060 strikeouts or his 1965 World Series victory but his longevity. He says he learned years ago not to worry about individual games. Last week, when he five-hit Detroit only to lose 2-0, he said simply, "That's O.K. It makes up for that 8-6 win I got earlier in the season. I'm really not pitching as good as my record shows. I can go only as far as my relief pitchers let me."

This is not gratuitous praise. Last year he gave teammate Terry Forster, the league's top fireman, a television set. He has presented golf clubs to others.



KAAT 5-GRIN BESPEAKS HIS 8-2 RECORD

An enthusiastic golfer, Kaat carries what he calls a "traveling nine" handicap, which he tests during the season on such championship courses as Pebble Beach and Firestone. "You'd be surprised at the similarities in the mechanics of the golf swing and the pitching motion," he says. "Going to Johnny Sain, in fact, is like going to a golf pro."

A \$100,000 salary and few outside interests enable him to play golf all winter. He has only to step out of his house at Errol Estates in Apopka, Fla., the Foliage Capital of the World, and he is on the 2nd tee. For a change of scenery he owns a condominium on the same course.

Despite his current success, which includes 15 wins in 17 decisions since last September, Kaat does not anticipate pitching much longer. His age, his salary, the unpredictable nature of his pro-

Photo: [unreadable]

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BASEBALL *continued*

cession could make this his last year, he feels. When he does retire he would like to combine coaching and broadcasting. "I think the hitters will catch on to me in a while," he says. "In recent years I've had some media people try to run me out. They thought I was finished. I wasn't, but I'll know it when it happens. Then I'll just die of natural causes—lots of runs and base hits."

Sun and Manager Chuck Tanner, however, taken Kaat's physical vigor and mental discipline to that of their former teammate, Warren Spahn, who pitched successfully into his 40s. Kaat, they believe, can do the same. Compared to Spahn he is—oh, well—just a kitten.

THE WEEK

(Mar. 25-31)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL WEST All things come to him who waits, and heaven knows Al Fitzmorris, Marty Pattin and Lenny McDaniel of the Royals had waited. Fitzmorris, who had a career ERA of 10.40 against the Yankees and had not started against them since 1970, got a measure of revenge with a 3-0 three-hitter. Pattin, winless heretofore and all but forgotten in the bullpen, gained his second victory in three days by holding the Yankees to one hit in three innings. McDaniel, pitching for the first time in a month—before that he had been shelved with a prostate infection—put in 5½ innings of one-hit relief as the Royals overcame the Brewers 7-5.

In his first starts since being traded from Cleveland to Oakland, Dick Bosman made the Indians win as he beat them 6-3 and 6-2. Also contributing importantly to Oakland's 5-2 week were Vida Blue, who downed Baltimore 5-0 for his ninth win, and Gene Tenace, who drove in five runs as the A's trimmed the Orioles 6-5.

Minnesota rookie Jim Hughes, who uses a palm ball "not quite 50" of the time," held off Detroit 5-2. That left him with a 6-1 record and a 1.53 ERA, the lowest among league starters. Supplying much of the offense for the Twins was Rod Carew, whose .500 week brought his average to .367, the highest in baseball.

Chicago's Stan Bahnsen, who a month ago seemed washed up, won his third in a row, 9-3 over the Brewers. But Terry Forster, the league's foremost reliever last season, was placed on the disabled list with an aching elbow.

Willie Davis of the Rangers went on a six-

continued



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down strike in center field when teammate Steve Hargan refused to retaliate by throwing at Red Sox batters after Willie had been brushed back with a pitch by Rick Wise. Fortunately for the Rangers and Davis, no balls were hit to center during his fit of pique. Throughout the rest of the week, however, opponents slashed balls all over the field against the Rangers, who lost five of six. Seven times this year Texas has drawn 20,000 or more and each time the Rangers have lost. Last week, before their second-largest crowd ever—38,714—they were shellacked by the Yankees 6-0.

The Angels played as badly as their 1-5 record indicates. Mickey Rivers ran through Coach Whitey Herzog's stop sign at third and was easily thrown out at home. Ed Figueroa twice went into full windups with Orioles on base, allowing three of them to steal. On one steal the Angels just plain forgot to cover second base.

OAK 26-18 KC 21-20 MINN 23-18
TEX 22-23 CAL 22-22 CHI 20-24

AL EAST

Although the Red Sox were plagued by the flu and bugged by Umpire Lou Di Muro, they frolicked to the top of the division by taking three of five games. Carl Yastrzemski drew some laughs when, after being called out on strikes, he scooped dirt atop home plate. One person who did not think this was funny was Di Muro, who gave the thumb to Yaz, one of three Sox he banished that day. California Manager Dick Williams responded to Boston Pitcher Bill Lee's suggestion that the weak-hitting Angels take batting practice in their hotel lobby, but Williams' attempt to have his players swing miniature bats at whiffle balls was thwarted by hotel officials. Lee moved achieving his third shutout in a row when his throwing error let in a run, but he did beat Texas 4-1. A touch of the flu did not deter Fred Lynn and Jim Rice, who combined to produce 18 runs.

Milwaukee stumbled badly, dropping four of five and losing Third Baseman Don Money because of a hernia operation. The lone Brewer win came in a 9-8 slugfest with the White Sox in which Tom Murphy picked up his eighth save.

De-pine committing seven errors (54 in 40 games so far), the Tigers won three of five. Mickey Lolich got his 200th victory, downing Chicago 4-1, and Vern Riffe won twice. Riffe subdued Minnesota 4-2nd, bolstered by Willie Horton's 11th homer, defeated Chicago 2-0.

Bobby Bonds drove in six runs with three homers as he helped the Yankees to a 4-3 week. Cal Hulsebust stifled Texas 6-0 on one hit. But Doc Medich continued to be cuffed around. After being pummeled by the Rangers, Medich (3-7) tried to be philosophical. "I realize this is going to happen to every-

one," he said, "and I think I can compensate for it by delving into it and trying to analyze it."

When Manager Frank Robinson was suspended for three days for delving into an umpire, Cleveland players signed a petition saying they would join him on the sidelines. But Robby coaxed them into playing by telling them, "The best thing you could do for me is to win three games in Anaheim." And that is what the Indians did as they ran their winning streak in that ball park to 10 games. Rookie Eric Raich downed the Angels 9-2 for his first major league victory. In his first major league start another Indian rookie, Dennis Eckersley, tamed Oakland 6-0 on three hits. In his second start Eckersley again beat the A's, this time 4-1 on six hits. And Cleveland's sluggers pounded out 10 home runs, three by George Hendrick, in the best Indian week (5-21) of the year.

The Orioles survived a couple of scares. One came when their plane made a bumpy emergency landing. The other consisted of their longest losing streak since 1968, a seven-game ordeal that plunged them into last place. Jim Palmer brought the skid to a halt with his fourth shutout of the season, a 5-0 defeat of the Angels. Mike Cuellar followed up with a 1-0 one-batter in which Brooks Robinson hit his first homer of the year.

BOS 23-18 MIL 21-21 DET 18-21
NY 21-24 CLE 18-24 BAL 17-28

NL EAST

With their redoubtable offense next to last in the league in scoring and batting .250, it might be expected that Pittsburgh would be where it was at this time a year ago—in the cellar. But the Pirates hit when it counted most, got some nifty pitching, won six in a row and moved into first place. Bill Robinson's ninth-inning single finished off Houston 6-5 and a comparable hit by Ed Kirkpatrick topped Atlanta 2-1. Jerry Reuss won the latter game, one of four route-gone performances by the Bucs. The outs were going to Ken Brett (3-0 over Houston) and Bruce Kison (11-4 over the Braves and 10-2 over the Astros).

Falling from the lead, Chicago (3-3) blew a 7-1 advantage and lost to San Francisco 9-7. But Ray Barris stopped the Braves 6-0 and Rick Reuschel, backed by Jose Cardenal's two homers, beat the Dodgers 2-1.

L.A. lost two of three to New York because of some more long drives, 6-3 on a three-run pinch homer in the ninth by Wayne Garrett and 4-3 on a sacrifice fly by Ed Kranepool. Tom Seaver won twice as the Mets took three of six.

While out for three weeks with a bad back, Reggie Smith, a sometime drummer, strengthened his arms, wrists and hands by practicing with weighted drumsticks. In five games since returning to the Cardinal line-

up Smith has hit .368. Lou Brock, batting at .417 over a 20-game span, beat the Reds 5-4 with a ninth-inning single and hit for the cycle in a 7-1 romp over the Padres. But Smith and Brock could not make up for poor pitching, and St. Louis was 3-3 for the week.

Philadelphia, 2-4, placed two men on the disabled list. Shortstop Larry Bowa with a broken thumb and Centerfielder Garry Maddox with a cracked knee. Tug McGraw, who tried to lighten the atmosphere by wearing a Halloween mask before the game, treated the Phillies to an 8-6 win over the Giants with his fourth save but then was tricked by the Astros, who got to him for five runs in one third of an inning.

Montreal, 1-4, also suffered. The Expos blew a 6-0 lead in losing to the Astros 8-7, dropped a 5-4 decision to the Reds after having led 4-0 and lost to Cincy 4-3 on a bases-loaded balk. Montreal was further aggravated when, in a rare ruling, League President Chub Feeney upheld Atlanta's protest of a rain-shortened game at Larry Park and ordered the game to be resumed July 20 with the Braves retaining their 4-1 lead.

PIT 24-18 CHI 22-20 NY 21-18
PHIL 22-23 STL 18-24 MONT 10-24

NL WEST

San Francisco, which already led the majors in a so-so category—Most Players One Team, Permanent Waves—hiked the total to nine curfheads as three more Giants got perms. Glenn Adams may well have set a record, too. His two-run pinch homer meant that an just six pinch swings this season he has hit for the cycle. The Giants, 2-3, beat the Phillies 1-0 in 10 innings behind the pitching of John Montefusco.

Andy Messersmith was tagged for five home runs and two losses as Los Angeles sagged in a 3-3 week. Don Sutton, though, boosted his record to 9-3 by beating St. Louis 7-3 and Chicago 3-1. Meanwhile Cincinnati (page 18) was on the move, shrinking the Dodgers' margin.

Randy Jones of the Padres brought his record to 7-2 by defeating the Mets 6-2. While McCovey out Henry Aaron for the league record in grand slams, socking his 16th to down New York. Earlier, McCovey drove in the go-ahead run in the ninth as the Padres, 2-4 for the week, beat the Cardinals 9-6.

Atlanta, 2-4, and Houston, 3-3, had troubles. Carl Morton, who had won his first five decisions for the Braves, lost to the Cubs 5-4 for his fifth loss in a row. The Astros dropped all three tries in Pittsburgh, their 14-year mark there is now 23-81. But in Philadelphia they fared. Doug Koenecy stymied the Phillies 5-0 and then the Astros blasted them 15-3 with a 12-run eighth-inning uprising.

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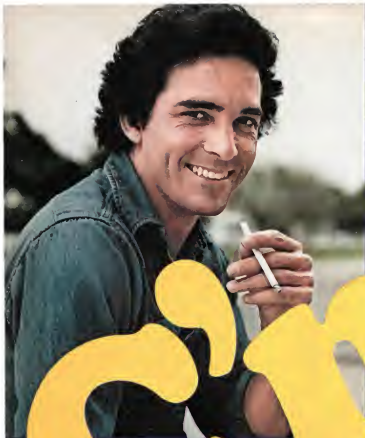
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Topsy-turvy title for the Terps

Despite bad starts, Maryland and Navy ended up in the NCAA finals

Supposedly, NCAA tournaments are played to determine which team is the best in the nation, but often they merely confirm the preeminence of a school that clearly had established its superiority during the regular season. Only when rankings have been hopelessly jumbled by upsets and erratic performances does a season-ending tournament serve to unscramble things once and for all. That was the case in lacrosse this year, and last week in Baltimore the University of Maryland, which almost did not qualify for the championships, resoundingly clarified which was the best team in 1975 by defeating an equally surprising Navy squad 20-13.

As always, the tournament succeeded in promoting lacrosse. The crowd at Johns Hopkins' Homewood Field was a standing-room-only 10,400. Yet the championships are not overwhelmingly popular with the lacrosse community, which complains that too much of the money the event generates goes to the NCAA, not to the sport.

Furthermore, the tournament makes a shambles of year-end scheduling. Consider this season's finalists. Maryland's commencement was held on May 11. The school's lacrosse players, who otherwise would have started their summer vacations, had to hang around for three weeks for their season to end. At the Naval Academy, players took exams on the morning before their opening tournament game with Pennsylvania, then could not celebrate their 17-6 victory because they had more exams that evening. The Middies' tests did not end until the day they traveled to Cornell for their 15-12 semifinal upset of the No. 2-ranked Big Red. What's more,

the exigencies of Navy's athletic budget require that the annual clash with Army be scheduled for the Academy's June Week, when it will draw a big crowd. That meant that Navy had to play the Cadets the day after the national championship.

Nor does the concept of a national tournament seem to have all that much relevance in lacrosse. In the five years the

championships have been played, eight of the 10 finalists have come from Maryland. The University of Maryland has appeared in four of the five finals, and the Midshipmen and the Terps are the only two teams that have been selected for all five tournaments.

Maryland and Navy are also the best examples of how confused the lacrosse picture was this year. The Terps did not even win the Atlantic Coast Conference. The University of Virginia did. For what he calls "the good of the game," Terp Coach Bud Beardmore schedules a number of non-NCAA games. As a result, Maryland played only six NCAA games, the minimum number required to qualify for the tournament. The Terps lost two of them, including one to Navy. On the other hand, the Middies had perhaps the roughest schedule in college lacrosse this season. They played every team that appeared in the 1974 and 1975 champi-

onship tournaments. The Middies not only lost two of those games but managed to blow two others against lesser opponents, including their season opener to an unheralded small-college team, the University of Maryland, Baltimore County.

Coaching at the Academy has always been an uphill battle for Dick Selasa, who has directed Navy's lacrosse program for the past three years. As if the recruiting problems of a service academy were not harden enough, Selasa had to succeed the legendary Bill Bolderback. In 14 seasons at Navy, Bolderback won nine national championships, including an incredible string of eight in a row from 1960 to 1967 when the title was decided by a vote.

Selasa managed to get the Middies into the NCAA tournament in each of his first two seasons.

GLEEFUL STARS URSO, RADEBAUGH, TUCK ALL HAD BIG GOALS



soms, but both times they were eliminated in the first round. With 16 of 31 lettermen gone, prospects for 1975 appeared to be bleak. When Navy lost to UMBC in the mud to open the season, it marked the lowest point of his career. "We jumped on the bus after the game and the weight of the players caused it to mire in the mud," Szlasi says, possibly passing the buck, since he tips the scales at about 250. "It took two hours to get unstuck. That whole scene really brought us to grips with reality."

Navy followed with three straight wins, then lost to Cornell 16-7 when a twisted ankle forced starting Goalie Bill Mueller to leave the game with the Middies trailing 4-3. A week later they were upset by Princeton 15-14. That loss dropped Navy to seventh in the national rankings, and it needed four straight victories, including a satisfying 10-9 win against Maryland, to pull itself back into tournament contention.

The triumph over Maryland gave the Middies the confidence they needed to blast their way into the NCAA finals, but it also awoke the Terps, who have not lost since. There is no love lost between the two schools, even though Szlasi, like Beardmore, played lacrosse at Maryland. As Commander Jack Renard, the Middies' officer representative, says, "When I went to the Academy, we wanted to kill Maryland and beat Army." The Terps consider 1924, the year lacrosse became a varsity sport at Maryland, the starting date of the series between the two schools, and proudly boast of their 26-22-1 edge against Navy over the ensuing 50 years. Understandably, the Terps choose not to include five unofficial games played before 1924. They lost all of them by an aggregate score of 76-4.

Maryland also had gotten off to a crippling start this season when All-America Attackman Ed Mullen suffered a knee injury in the Terps' opener and was lost for the year. Starting Defenseman Tom Murray also succumbed to a knee injury. To make matters worse, All-America Midfielder Roger Tuck broke the fifth metatarsal in his left foot and had to compete with a metal plate in his shoe. Beardmore played musical lineups as the Terps dropped three straight to the Mount Washington club, Virginia and Navy.

In the Virginia game, Maryland attempted 27 shots in the fourth quarter, scored just once and lost by a goal. Against Navy the next week, the Terps

outshot the Middies 59-38, took 17 of 21 faceoffs and 82 of 123 ground balls, and again lost by one. "Our stick work was atrocious. We looked like a bunch of high school kids," says Beardmore. But he decided to stay with the lineup he had tried against Navy, which included moving Tuck permanently to attack where he would not have to run as much. The Terps finally looked impressive the following week against the Severna Park club. Then with a 74-goal barrage, Maryland bombarded four consecutive opponents—Army, Hopkins, Hofstra and Washington and Lee—to reach the tournament finals.

The Hopkins game closed out the regular season amid reports that Maryland needed a victory to be selected for the NCAA championships. Hopkins was undefeated and ranked No. 1 at the time, but the Terps exploded to an 11-1 first-quarter lead on their way to a 19-11 win. Against Hofstra in the initial round of the NCAs, they set a tournament record by taking 80 shots in another 19-11 win. Three days later they toyed with Washington and Lee, an upset winner over Hopkins in the opening round, before winning 15-5. "Because of our injuries and inexperience the coach had tried to change us to a more controlled, slow-down style," said Midfielder Doug Radebaugh, one of Maryland's three captains, as he tried to explain the Terps' early-season sluggishness. "Now we've returned to the old run and gun."

With his team back to a more comfortable style of play, Beardmore's problem in the week before the finals was making sure the Terps did not become too relaxed. Last year Maryland, a favorite to beat Hopkins in the tournament finale, was upset 17-12. Beardmore blames himself for taking the Blue Jays too lightly and allowing his team to become overconfident. He worked hard this time to avoid a repeat performance. In 1974 he gave his players two days off the week before the finals and let their conditioning taper off. This season there was only one free day, and Beardmore ran the Terps more than he had in any of the previous six weeks. He even held a workout the morning of the championship game. "The only people who could be overconfident were the ones who weren't here last year," said Midfielder Frank Urso, a two-time All-America who led the team in scoring this year.

The Terps looked hungry in the early

going last week, making their first two goals 11 seconds apart and building a 3-0 lead. Then Navy hit four in a row and took the lead. The two teams exchanged goals before Maryland, sparked by two Urso goals within 12 seconds, poured in five straight to move ahead 9-5.

For the last 4:16 of the first half, the entire third quarter and the first 5:30 of the fourth period, the teams traded goals with Navy repeatedly cutting the Terps' lead to three, then falling back by four again. The Midshipmen could only blame themselves for not getting closer. There is no statistic for turnovers in lacrosse, but the Middies had more than their share. Twice Navy high-point man Jeff Long broke in all alone on Maryland Goalie Gary Niels, a converted midfielder, and failed to score. The first time Long tried to get too close to the goal before shooting, giving Maryland Defenseman Mark Bethmann enough time to make a desperate dash from the side and disrupt the shot. On his second breakaway, Long did get too close. He also faked once too often and Niels was able to come out on him and snuff the shot.

Then with the score 13-10, the Middies let a Maryland defenseman score. Mike Farrell, perhaps the best defender in lacrosse this year, scooped up a loose ball and charged into Navy territory as the Middies hastily retreated. "My man kept backing up and finally he gave me a 12-yard shot, so I figured what the heck," said Farrell. His high hard liner whistled over Mueller's shoulder.

With the score 15-11 Maryland finally broke the seesaw pattern. A good stop by Niels, who finished with 17 saves, started a quick play that resulted in a goal by Tuck. A moment later a Middle bounce shot from the side caromed past Niels only to be saved by Farrell, who had been hovering at the far edge of the crease. Maryland cleared the ball, Radebaugh made an unassisted score and the Terps had the six-goal margin that put the game out of reach.

Maryland's 20 goals broke a tournament record, as did its 54 goals for the three-game series. Urso, the hardest shot in college lacrosse, tied a championship game record by scoring five times. He has amassed 42 points in tournament competition in three years. At the end there was no disputing the Terp fans' cheer of "We're No. 1." Runner-up in the ACC, but national champions nonetheless. It was that kind of year.

END

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A palace revolts go, last week's power struggle in the kingdom of pro golf was like a fireworks display without the gunpowder. At first it evoked nasty images of rebel golfers dug in behind a bunker, looting wedge shots upon Commissioner Deane Beman's Washington, D.C., headquarters while Mean Deane fired back with his mimeograph machine. It ended, however, with a whimper—a barrage of legal papers and a surrender from Beman.

Although there were side issues, basically the war concerned the Tournament of Champions, that fun event the players regard almost as fondly as a one-punt green. When Beman and the tour's Policy Board decided that the tournament would be canceled in 1976, you would have thought ball washers had been outlawed. "Why not cancel Christmas, too," said golfer Jerry McGee.

His comment was understandable, for earlier in the year he had won his first tournament, the Pensacola Open, thus qualifying for the exclusive T. of C. field. "It's the second thing a player thinks about when he wins a tournament," said Dave Stockton. "The first is that he's in the Masters. Beman should know what it means to a player because he was a player himself."

The commissioner said he had canceled the tournament because its format too closely mirrored the new and expanded World Series of Golf planned for next year, which also would include many tournament winners. But there were rumors that the real reason for the ban was that the tournament host and co-sponsor, the La Costa Country Club, resembles a small-town girl with a blemished reputation. Everyone whispers behind her back, even if they've never dated her. The resort features 57 varieties of saunas, massages and buffet tables, and has long attracted a stylish clientele. But it was also reputed to be the romping ground for heavy hitters driving bullet-proof golf carts. Last week the La Costa hierarchy decided that even if they spell your name right, not all publicity is good. A group of nine plaintiffs associated with La Costa filed a \$540 million libel suit against *Penthouse* magazine, which alleged in a recent issue that the spa had



Score a bogey for Beman

Deane Beman canceled the Tournament of Champions but, pressured by his touring pros, he hauled out the white flag and reinstated the event

more connections with the underworld than Joseph Valachi. About this, Beman took the Fifth. "No comment," he said.

At first, the players' reaction was one of dismay coupled with resignation: the T. of C. was almost as much of a tour fixture as Sam Snead. It had been played for 23 years, first in Las Vegas, then at La Costa, which is just north of San Diego. But, slowly, like water over a hot flame, the emotions of the players came to a boil. Golfers love to complain—it keeps their minds off double bogeys—and around the practice tee and the locker room as the tour moved from Dallas to New Orleans, Memphis and Atlanta, the players were advising and dissenting. "I've never seen so many guys upset over any one thing," said Miller Barber at last week's Atlanta Classic, which Hale Irwin was to win, his first victory since last year's U.S. Open. On Tuesday night there was to be a players' meeting at which Beman and the Policy Board were scheduled to appear. There even was speculation that Beman would resign.

Actually there was no chance of a Beman abdication. He is given to saying

that while he has a three-year contract, he has a lifetime commitment. His position is unique. He has more power than any commissioner in sports, since most of the others are public-relations figureheads who do little more than hold press conferences, deny protests, throw out first balls and administer the wishes of owners' committees. Beman's decisions must be approved by the Policy Board, composed of four tournament players, three Professional Golfers Association members and three businessmen, but he heeded rarely countermands his edicts. However, his owners are the players, a group of approximately 300 golfers who belong to the Tournament Players Division of the PGA, and when they are as concerned as they were over the T. of C. issue, Beman has little choice but to acquiesce to their demands.

The players were not only upset with Beman's decision, but with his method of arriving at it. He did not consult the players' seven-man Advisory Board, headed by Bob Rosburg. This group has no voting power but serves as liaison between the touring pros and the admin-

continues

istration. Also, Beman still shares the athlete's suspicious view of the press. Earlier in the year when a controversy erupted between the TPD and the sponsors of the Bing Crosby and Bob Hope tournaments over the division of revenue, among other things, Beman refused comment rather than air the squabble in the newspapers. Many players felt that they were made to appear greedy. This time Beman telephoned several prominent pros and instructed them not to comment on the cancellation of the Tournament of Champions. That order stuck like a golf tee in some throats.

At the Memphis tournament two weeks ago, Tommy Jacobs, a former touring pro who now runs golf operations at La Costa, showed up to generate support for reinstatement. He found that all he had to do was sit around and listen. Golfers like Billy Casper and Dave Stockton and Miller Barber spoke with Beman almost daily, urging him to reconsider. At Atlanta, Casper said, "He sends

out letters saying we ought to support our sponsors. It looks like he ought to be supporting them a little more. These people have been great to us for 20 years."

"I don't know what to say until after the meeting tonight," commented Johnny Miller. "Personally, I'd like all of the tournaments to be played in California."

Most of the pros were mumbling, but their discontent with Beman did not forebode much action beyond that. "This talk about a rebellion is silly," said Hubert Green. "It makes us sound as if we've got six-guns in our golf bags. Nobody agrees with everything that Beman's done but I don't think he's done a bad job. You can't get all the pros to agree on what day it is, much less anything else."

In fact, the decision already had been made to reinstate the tournament. Beman flew to Atlanta from Washington on Monday night, met with the Policy Board Tuesday morning and the agreement was reached. That evening he

marched into the players' meeting at Atlanta and read a prepared statement that ended with another admonition to refrain from discussing the issue. Later, a player characterized his demeanor as "nervous." "I wouldn't say nervous," corrected Beman. "I was apprehensive because I did not want the meeting to turn into a debate. I did not want an adversary relationship to develop between the players and this office. There hasn't been one and there isn't any now, and it's our greatest strength."

At the meeting, Beman then moved on to a discussion of other business, including the reinstatement on the tour of Britain's Tony Jacklin, whose playing privileges had expired. According to the bylaws, he would have to attend one of the players' qualifying schools in order to reacquire them. Some of the younger players were upset that Beman had allowed Jacklin back on the tour without qualifying even though Jacklin has won the U.S. and British Opens. Some com-

continued

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In addition to buying the new suit, he did not forget to coordinate the rest of the outfit. His more subtle alterations were expanding the publicity staff, scheduling seminars for tournament sponsors; adding a television and film department; initiating a long-driving championship; and hiring an agronomist to advise the greenskeepers of tournament courses on how to keep the crabgrass out. He also created the post of Executive Director and filled it with Hugh Oliver, a retired Air Force colonel who promptly streamlined the flow of memos and issued a set of bound manuals that have the tour on almost the same operational level as the Pentagon.

Traditionalists are concerned about all the activity, but Beman points out that he is guarding against building a carnival midway. There are players who would sell advertising on their backs if they could. Indeed, many already have contracted their hats out, and their golf bags look as if they could race at Indy.

So far the thrust of the changes has been elitist. Dey helped conceive the designated tournaments, which demanded the presence of the top players. Ultimately 10 were envisioned. Beman scheduled one this year, not counting the Tournament Players Championship. "Our concept is not to dilute our product," says Beman. "We are going to take our very best and put them in one place to develop the highest level of competition and use the various media to bring them to the most people."

Beman is a good friend of Nicklaus, a man whose involvement in the U.S. tour could be likened to that of a Wall Street banker's interest in the price of gold. Beman, in fact, had a hand in two of Nicklaus' 15 major championships. He supplied the putter that Jack used to win the U.S. Open at Baltusrol, and it was a putting lesson from Beman at the PGA Championship in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla. that contributed to Nicklaus' victory there. "I have closer friends on the

tour than Jack," maintains Beman, wringing his nose in annoyance at the hint of conflict of interest. "Anyway, I can be independent of friendships and still fulfill the responsibilities of this job."

Despite the withered economy, the tour is taking deep, healthy breaths. Attendance has been up at most of the tournaments. Beman has a list of 20 potential sponsors and last week he was negotiating for a new television contract, the provisions of which might be so lucrative that for the first time the PGA may announce them.

Meanwhile, for the dissident players who see Beman as a bogeyman and who came away from the Atlanta meeting disappointed, there was both good news and bad news. The good news was that Beman was forced out of his office last week. The bad news was that he was back in it the next day. Having survived a revolt, he was not going to let a little water from a leaking air conditioner keep him away for long.

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A bunch with character

Known as a bunch of characters who would rather fight than switch off, the mettlesome Flyers showed their finessa to win another Stanley Cup

It's all over, the 1974-75 hockey season. *Final!* After 254 days and 97 games, the Philadelphia Flyers concluded the longest season in pro sports history last week by winning their second straight NHL championship. They beat the Buffalo Sabres 2-0 behind Bernie Parent's impeccable goaltending in the climactic sixth game in steamy Buffalo.

After the Flyers had short-circuited Buffalo's French Connection, after they had guzzled the bubbly from the Stanley Cup and after they had been cheered by 2.3 million delirious Philadelphians on their triumphant parade through the city, it was impossible to forget a message that Coach Freddie (The Fog) Shero had

once written on their dressing-room blackboard:

*Fame is a vapor
Popularity an accident
Riches take wings
Only one thing endures
and that is character.*

No one can deny that the Flyers have character. Lots of it. Take that down-right honest character, add a generous portion of Parent's wizard goaltending, plus a good measure of Captain Bobby Clarke's fanatical desire, have it rise to special occasions with Rick MacLeish's inspired play, season with a few sprigs of Kate Smith's golden tones, pour it all into Shero's disciplined system—and you

have your basic Stanley Cup champion.

Last season the Flyers were called the Broad Street Bullies from the City of Brotherly Mug because of the coarse manner in which they played hockey, sort of like a kind of escapes from *A Clockwork Orange* set loose on the ice with machetes attached to their sticks and brass knuckles concealed under their gloves. Ask who personified the Flyers' style of play in other NHL cities and Clarke, even Parent, would probably have taken a back seat to hockey's top-seeded bad boy Dave Schultz. "Nobody likes us," Shero admitted. "Nobody outside Philadelphia, that is. In fact, the *meanest* thing people say about us is that we are a bunch of muggers."

So they were. This spring, though, the Flyers suffered and survived a surprising metamorphosis. While their intrinsic natures will never permit them to be mistaken for so many Frank Merriwells, the Flyers disdained their standard rough-house tactics and beat the harnessed Sabres with pure, clean, fundamental hockey, just the way they had defeated the Toronto Maple Leafs and the New York Islanders in earlier playoff rounds. Unbelievably, the Flyers were involved in only two fights—one loss and one draw—during the six games against Buffalo. "We used to have at least two fights in every period," says Clarke.

Sticking to hockey, the Flyers limited Buffalo's alleged power play to just three goals in 32 attempts; held the French Connection line of Center Gilbert Perreault and Wings Richard Martin and Rene Robert—which had scored a total of 18 goals in 11 previous playoff games against Chicago and Montreal—to a paltry four goals in the finals; and thoroughly neutralized the normally elusive Perreault with their adroit checking maneuvers. In fact, Perreault—hockey's flashiest forward—managed but a single goal and one assist against the Flyers, and for all of his one-on-one bobbing and weaving, the Philadelphia defensive umbrella stubbornly refused to collapse.

Terry Crisp was one of the five Philadelphia centers who shared the assignment of harassing Perreault. More analytical than most of his teammates, Crisp offered the best assessment of what the Flyers had just accomplished. "When people think of hockey," he said, "they think of everything being graceful and flowing. The 'Flying Frenchmen,' the 'French Connection'—all that. Then we



POINT PROVEN AND CUP RETAINED, PARENT AND CLARKE LEAD THE PARADE TO PHILLY

came along. They used to call us goons because we weren't very fancy, but now they have no excuses—none—because there was no gooning in these playoffs. Or put it this way: the point we proved is that a working man's hockey team can win."

Call that character. Bob Kelly certainly is a working man with character. Affectionately known as Hound or Mutt to his teammates, Kelly is Philadelphia's designated hitter who usually steps onto the ice only when Shero feels the pace of a game has become too humdrum. "Kelly doesn't know how to put on his brakes," says Shero. "He shakes up both teams. He's the most dangerous 11-goal scorer in hockey." Kelly spent most of the first two periods of the sixth game propped on the Philadelphia bench, watching Parent and Buffalo's Roger Crozier match shutouts. Then, at the insistence of Assistant Coach Mike Nykoluk, Shero started Kelly in the third period. It took just 11 seconds for the tactic to pay off. The puck rolled down behind the Buffalo net, with the Hound in pursuit. When he touched it, however, Buffalo's Jerry (King Kong) Korab crashed him into the boards. Korab, in turn, was slammed off the puck by Clarke. Scrambling for the loose puck, Kelly gained control of it, wheeled around in front of Crozier and fired a backhander into the far corner of the net for what proved to be the cup-winning goal. "Imagine that!" Kelly said. "Me scoring the goal that wins the cup. I'm not a goal scorer, everyone knows that."

Philadelphia's second goal resulted from a collaborative effort by two more working stiffs, Centers Orest Kindrachuk and Bill Clement. With five centers on his roster, Shero invariably sits out either Kindrachuk, Clement or Crisp in each game, and for the sixth game of the playoffs it was Crisp who was dressed in street clothes. Desperately trying to tie the score with less than five minutes left, Buffalo was attacking furiously when Kindrachuk blocked a shot at the blue line and darted after the puck. Once he reached it, he halted, hung on long enough to lure two Buffalo players to the boards and then slid a perfect pass to the breaking Clement, who beat Crozier through his legs from close range. Unfortunately, Kindrachuk never had a chance to see the game-icing shot because he was stretched out face down under Buffalo's Korab.

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Character, too, is the stamp of the Philadelphia defense, particularly Andre (Moose) Dupont, Ed Van Impe and the Watson brothers, Jimmy and Joe. They have never been popular with All-Star voters, but the Philadelphia Four provide Parent with the sturdiest protection in hockey. With the exception of Jimmy Watson, they lack puck-carrying finesse, and are not much of a threat to rifle blue-line bullets past rival goaltenders. Nonetheless, Parent says he can count the breakaways he faced this season on the fingers of one hand. "Those guys make it easy for me."

Crafty old Van Impe prevented a certain Buffalo goal early in the final game when he sneakily clenched a loose puck and slid it through the crease to a safe position beneath Parent. Later it was Jimmy Watson who thwarted the Sabres by deflecting a Martin shot that appeared to be headed for the unguarded corner of the net. "If we've got a one-goal lead late in a game," says Shero, "I'll take

Jimmy Watson and you can have all the Brad Parks and Bobby Orrs." Only 22, Jimmy Watson may soon cause the Philadelphia Four to lose its anonymity. "When a defenseman like Jimmy doesn't get selected for the All-Star team," says Clarke, "you know those teams are really a joke."

Clarke, in particular, was physically spent after the final game in Buffalo. A diabetic, he seemed to lose his skating *elán* as the playoff season closed in on the month of June, but even at 80, speed he was the most intimidating presence on the ice, aside from Parent. He killed penalties, worked the power play, shadowed Perreault perfectly and proved once more that he is the sport's most tireless performer. Although Clarke's natural skills hardly rival Orr's or Guy Lafleur's, or Perreault's for that matter, right now he is the dominant skater in the game because, as Shero says, "He has shown he is a winner."

So, in his position, is Parent, who was

voted the MVP of the playoffs for the second straight year. Parent had four shutouts and allowed only 29 goals in 15 games. "That bumper sticker everyone has down in Philadelphia, the one that says 'Only the Lord saves more than Bernie Parent,' really isn't true," said Buffalo's Korab. "God couldn't have made all the saves that Parent made against us." In contrast, the Buffalo goaltending was extremely shoddy when the nervous Gerry Desjardins was between the posts, but the veteran Crozier—he of the multiple stomach operations—performed solidly when called on for the final game and a brief appearance in Game Three.

After the boisterous parade through Philadelphia, Parent was called to the microphone to address the 100,000 people who had crammed into John F. Kennedy Stadium. His words were brief—and to the point. "I'll see you again right here next May 27, O.K.?" he said. Whatever you say, Bernie. Everyone in Philadelphia is ready and waiting. **END**

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What was war like for a football player turned combat infantryman? Here is Vietnam, as it was for this Super Bowl star

An average day in the field might go like this. Rise at 6:30 a.m. Eat a can of fruit for breakfast. March in rut formation (single file, more or less) perhaps 5,000 meters to a day position. Sweat, sweat, sweat. Set up a "day logger," a perimeter configuration of men designed to protect us from attack. Set up the poncho liner for a sun shield. Sweat, sweat, sweat. Mix a LURP (dehydrated food ration) for lunch.

One platoon would make a sweep of the immediate vicinity. The other two platoons would remove their perspiration-soaked boots, socks and fatigues to dry them in the sun. Eat dinner and guzzle Kool-Aid. March another five clicks (a click is 1,000 meters) to a night position. Set up a "night logger," a camp. Inflate the air mattress and build a tent with mosquito netting, which blocked the breeze and sometimes made me unbearably hot, but it was better than 10 million mosquito bites.

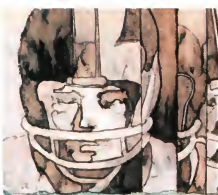
If you think that sounds more like the Boy Scouts than the U.S. Army, so did I at first. I felt so silly "playing soldier." But I came to understand and

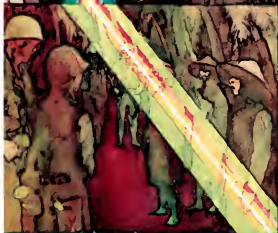
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ROCKY BLEIER'S WAR

**BY ROCKY BLEIER
AND TERRY O'NEIL**





ROCKY'S WAR *continued*

appreciate the fact that our area, Hiep Duc, was simply quiet.

The lack of activity persuaded some guys to cut corners. Night guards fell asleep in the field. Other guys just refused to fight the war. "Short-timers" (those who had a short time of service remaining) played it extra cautious and spent most of their days inventing excuses to get to the rear. Guys dispatched on a squad sweep would convince each other that they didn't have enough manpower, then kill four hours in a point bunker, radioing in fake messages about their progress. It was a ludicrous way to run a war.

Meanwhile, our officers were feeling pressure. Even though ours was a relatively cool AO (Area of Operation), they felt the demand for production. KIAs, killed in action. Statistics. Officers' careers and promotions depended on them: "How many KIAs did you have last week?" "What's your percentage?" "Did you get any action?"

Nobody talked about methods. Only results were important. Pressure came

from above and multiplied geometrically at each level, until it reached the lower echelons. There on the bottom were lieutenants and sergeants, young and maybe impetuous. In their early and mid-20s. Ambitious. Eager to distinguish themselves, establish a good record.

Below them were the "grunts," the privates, some of whom wanted to move up, all of whom knew that the soldier with the most KIAs each week went on "stand-down," a three-day orgy of barbecues, drinking, floor shows and pornographic movies in Chu Lai. Kind of like an incentive clause in a football contract.

It was this sort of mentality that led to the creation of the destructive form of action known as the search-and-destroy mission. The My Lai massacre of 1968 resulted from such a mission. In my tour of duty, thankfully, there was only one search-and-destroy. I can pretty accurately re-create the sort of conversations that brought it into being.

Battalion headquarters would have

called a company commander and said, "All right, we have a mission for you. We have this area that has to be covered. A lot of enemy activity has been in that area. We know it's there. It's been there before and, damn it, let's do something about it. It's in my AO, and I want it cleaned up. I want it out of there. Use whatever means you need. Burn everything that's standing. I don't care what you do, just clean it up."

In turn, the commanding officer would have gone to a lieutenant and said, "All right, tomorrow at 0700 hours we're going down into the field. There's a lot of enemy activity in this area. The old man wants it cleaned out once and for all. And it's our job."

Then the lieutenant would have gone to his platoon and said, "O.K., the CO wants this off his back, and it's up to us. The whole area is infested with VC. It's a hideout for them. They're all Communist, and it's our job to clean them out. I don't want any prisoners, no matter who they are. I don't want to hear about it. Don't take anybody alive."

Lastly, on the bottom level, there were the members of the platoon. They were 25 men chosen at random from this country, a representative sampling of American society. Of the 25, you might have a couple with quick tempers, maybe a teenager who saw himself as a young Audie Murphy, maybe a guy from an underprivileged background who thought he could make a name for himself, maybe a guy who thought being in the Army was license to kill anybody, maybe a guy who was truly hateful, maybe even a manic-depressive.

So they took this collection of fallible human beings, pumped them full of rhetoric, applied pressure from the military hierarchy, filled them with anticipation, and turned them loose in a Vietnamese village. How did they react?

We were informed one morning of a suspected enemy concentration in an area called Happy Valley. Orders came to search-and-destroy. We helicoptered into a rice paddy and set up a defensive position. As we moved out, our point man shouted, "I see somebody running across." So the whole platoon raced up a steep ridge, there to find a village of four to five "hootches" (grass and bamboo huts).



ILLUSTRATIONS BY SAUL LAMBERT

Frantically, guys went searching for underground shelters. Without pausing to check for someone inside, they exploded the shelters with grenades. Somebody yelled, "Burn them. We have to." Immediately, guys set fire to the little shacks. The women in the village shrieked hysterically at us. It was absurd. There were no VC anywhere. Nothing but a few harmless villagers, whose village we annihilated simply because "search-and-destroy" came down.

During the melee, a "papa-san" (Vietnamese adult male) appeared. The man was about 50 years old, and he had no weapon. One of our young kids, an 18- or 19-year-old, rushed up to him, knelt him in the groin, and cracked his skull with the butt of an M-16. The old man dropped to his knees. In a fury, the kid stood over the old man, screaming, "You slant-eyed dink. You're the reason we're over here."

Any male in the general age bracket of 12 to 40 was suspect as an NVA (North Vietnamese Army) soldier or Viet Cong, although he might also have been a South Vietnamese soldier on leave. We were instructed to ask such a man for an ID. If he could not produce it, we were to hold him for interrogation by the commanding officer. Under search-and-destroy pressure, though, some of our young guys didn't have the patience to follow regulations.

In order to avoid such confusion, the U.S. Army got into the housing industry. The natives of Hiep Duc were ordered to leave their homes and move into a compound at the base of the valley. It was called "Tin City," because these people were given tin and wood to build new homes. The Army warned that anybody caught outside Tin City, especially males 12 to 40, could be shot on sight. But many of the older Vietnamese people refused to leave their homes, and dug bunkers for protection from attack. We were constantly finding little villages tucked here and there in the woods.

We discovered one such village on a sweep in July. A check of the hootches uncovered nothing. Three of us went off to find water and suddenly came across a little man, less than five feet tall. He seemed to come out of nowhere. Our point man yanked his gun to his shoulder but stopped before pulling the trigger because he thought it was a little boy.

He was wrong. It was a man about 30 years old.

My two colleagues grabbed him by his black pajamas.

"You VC? You NVA?"

He said nothing.

"Papa-san, you VC? You NVA?"

We didn't know what to do with him.

The point man said, "Hell, let's kill him. I should have killed him right away. Then we wouldn't have to worry."

The other guy said, "Maybe we should tell him to *di di* [get out of here]. Then we can shoot him as he's running away."

The point man replied, "Let's just tie him to a tree and shoot him right here."

It was a few incredulous moments before I realized what they were saying. "What are you guys talking about?" I said. "We can't shoot this guy. Let's take him back to the lieutenant."

"No," the point man said. "The lieutenant said he doesn't want any prisoners. What's he gonna do with him? We'd just have to watch the gook and take him with us on the march. The lieutenant doesn't want to be bothered with him. We can't take him back."

I said, "Let's take him back and let the lieutenant decide. If he wants to kill him, that's his business."

"Well, I don't know. The lieutenant might be sore because we brought him back. He said he doesn't want any prisoners. He's gonna be sore."

"Well, let him be sore," I said. "We can't shoot him. He doesn't have a weapon. He hasn't tried anything. He just showed up."

Finally, we took him to the lieutenant, who checked him out and freed him.

It was that kind of war. There was no demarcation between residential areas and battlefields. There were no fronts or flanks or tactical moves, like the wars we studied in history books. We were just a bunch of guys wandering around in the woods, looking for that nebulous "activity." We didn't even know how to recognize it if we saw it. The first one hundred days I was in Vietnam, I never even saw a Viet Cong or an NVA.

The lack of a clear objective and the mounting anxiety worked a hardship on us. Each guy coped in his own way. Some were tempted by Tin City, which was generally off-limits for us for a few very good reasons. First, we didn't know the Vietnamese language or customs. Putting a

boy on the head, for instance, is a sign of disrespect. Second, anti-American sentiment sometimes took cruel forms. One G.I. was given a Coke with finely ground glass mixed in the bottle; it killed him.

Other guys found their release in drugs, although drug use in our area had declined by the time I arrived. A few weeks previous, an enemy squad had penetrated the barbed wire and killed several G.I.s by tossing grenades into their bunkers. A large section of camp had been stoned on marijuana during that attack, and after it they were frightened into kicking that habit.

Some guys were drinkers. On my first day in camp, I was taken aside and asked if I was "a head or a boozie." I said, "Well, I like an occasional martini. On the rocks with an olive." They chuckled. Their idea of a mixed drink was to take a sip of warm Coke, then a belt of warm Scotch, swish it around in their mouths, and swallow.

We were issued 12 cans of beer a week, six cans of Coke, and I was more than content with my weekly ration. The warm Coke was merely unpleasant. The warm beer I could drink only with a grimace, but I drank it. It was the only remedy for the dusty, biting thirst that choked me on scorching afternoons.

My favorite beverage, however, was cocoa. Nothing warmed a chilly night on the hill like warm cocoa. And nobody could interfere with it, not even the enemy. I had just finished mixing a fresh cup one evening on top of my bunker when I heard the alarm, "Incoming rounds! Incoming rounds!"

We dived into the bunker as the first mortars struck camp. "I don't mind those guys talking the war seriously," I said to my friend Jim Britton, "but why couldn't they wait until I've had my hot chocolate?"

As the attack continued, I noticed that the rounds were seven seconds apart. So, between blasts, I bounded up the steps, speared the cup and sprinted back to safety. Without spilling a drop. Brit offered to nominate me for a medal, but I declined.

"All in the line of duty," I said.

Insignificant as it seemed at the time, that mortar attack marked the end of tranquility in Hiep Duc. It was repeated the next two nights, and on the fourth night

continued

ROCKY'S WAR

we heard that 300 NVA had surrounded Landing Zone West in a "zapper attack." Our guys, waiting for them, killed 50 and wounded more than 100. There were no American casualties.

One night word came that B Company, Bravo Company, had been hit. An NVA had come into Bravo's perimeter during the afternoon, screaming, "*Chien hoi, chien hoi*," meaning, "I surrender," and, after interrogation, said he could lead them to a cache of weapons and rice up in the hills.

One B Company platoon maintained the camp, while two others followed the *chien hoi*. He took them farther and farther up a mountain range, until, from the camp below, they heard a barrage of everything the NVA could muster . . . rockets, mortars, machine guns.

They shot the *chien hoi* and hustled back to the perimeter. The enemy ambush had succeeded. They found the other platoon all but annihilated, and a fire fight waiting for them. Now Bravo was waiting for us to bail them out.

When we got to them at 10 p.m. the following night, the men of Bravo were lying in a ditch at the side of the road. The ones still alive were enormously relieved to see us. It was an hour of confusion before we got the dead and wounded lined up to take back. As we began to move out, I noticed one corpse lying unattended in the ditch. I turned to one of my platoon-mates and said, "C'mon, let's take this guy."

"Hell, no," he said. "Our platoon's got rear security."

"But there's nobody left to take him."

"I don't give a damn. Let him lay there."

Another fellow, however, was willing. We found a bamboo pole and tied the dead man to it. I gave my grenade launcher to another man, and we moved out.

Five minutes later, the guy carrying the front end of the bamboo pole slipped off a narrow dike between two rice paddies and fell into two feet of water. When he did, he pulled the back end of the pole out of my hand, and the corpse landed on top of him. Rigor mortis having set in, that rigid, lifeless form must have jilted him with a macabre sensation. He jumped back up onto the dike instantly, and looked at me with bug, terrified eyes before we resumed our march.

We went only another 100 yards be-

fore hearing small-arms fire to the front of us, where our point men were attempting to cross a small stream. The NVA had set up a machine gun on the water's edge and were firing at us in the darkness.

We tossed the corpse into a ditch and rolled in beside it. I was exhausted to the point of nearly falling asleep. There was firing back and forth for an hour. We

This is an excerpt from the forthcoming book, "Fighting Back," by Rocky Bleier and Terry O'Neill, to be published by Stein and Day.

were too far back in line to see the NVA, but I could hear our guys yelling, "I see somebody over here. They're over here." "Throw a grenade over there." "Watch it, watch it."

Then the NVA ceased firing. We didn't know if they'd been wounded or simply decided to retreat. On our side of the stream, word filtered back, "Leave the bodies. We're moving out."

The others had crossed, and our 12-man unit was just entering the stream when the machine gun opened up again. We dived for cover. I lay on my side in a tangle of weeds, muddy water oozing and seeping through my fatigues. I unclipped the scatter round on my grenade launcher and, for 15 minutes, we returned fire. Then it ceased once more.

We crossed the stream without further incident, but on the other side we didn't know which way to go. We had lost contact with the 50 men ahead of us. Nobody could remember, for sure, if the night logger was to the right or left. Finally we moved cautiously along the path to the right. We strained our eyes looking for another ambush, either along the stream to our right or on the hillside to our left. We didn't know if we were headed toward our night logger or deeper into enemy territory.

Then, mortars. A salvo landed behind us with that distinctive, piercing report. *Poow, poow, poow, poow*. Right at the spot where we had crossed the stream not five minutes earlier. The NVA had pinned us down with the machine gun, then sneaked away to radio our coordinates to their artillery men. Those mortars were meant for us, and we knew it. The same 12 men who had been unchasing along so tentatively suddenly broke into a terrified run. I thought I was pretty fast,

but guys were passing me on all sides. We hustled all the way back to our night logger, which we reached at about 3 a.m.

The next afternoon we moved out again. Nobody told us, but apparently our objective was still the same, to pick up the dead bodies of Bravo. Our platoon was joined by another company, which meant we now had enough manpower to handle almost anything—a company and a half, nearly 200 men.

We were crossing a rice paddy that descended and turned to the left when word came back: "Activity at the end of the rice paddy. Break up into two factions."

We took the left side, another platoon took the right. By radio, the officers supervised the placement of machine guns, grenade launchers and M-16 rifles. It took 15 minutes to put everybody in place. We must have had 50 weapons at the ready. We stayed low and kept our voices down.

Our target was a lonely little hootch that stood alongside a large tree at the far end of the rice paddy. Nothing else was around . . . no people, no other hootches.

The lieutenants counted down on the radio: "Five, four, three, two, one. Fire!"

Simultaneously, from both sides, we rained a volley on that hootch like I have never seen. Tracer bullets and small-arms fire ripped through the bamboo supports. In less than two minutes, we felled the tree and set the roof ablaze with our grenades. As we ceased fire, I could see smoke billowing from the sagging walls. I heard someone shrieking. Through the settling dust, I could make out a figure.

It was a mama-san. Then another mama-san. Then two papa-sans, and a few little kids. Their underground bunker had saved them. Now they were crying and screaming in such forceful combination I thought they might kill all 200 of us with their bare hands. A mama-san rushed up to our lieutenants and stood toe to toe, her face contorted with rage as she cursed him at the absolute top of her voice. He tried apologizing in Vietnamese, but it was no use. The rest of us shuffled around, almost feeling embarrassed in front of these poor people. I realized we must be still jumpier from the night before, attacking that little hootch with enough firepower to knock out half a regiment.

We set up the night logger on a near-

continued

A close-up portrait of a man with dark, curly hair and a thick mustache, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. He is wearing a dark green shirt.

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ROCKY'S WAR *continued*

by hillside. The next morning— Aug. 20, a date I remember—we were given the plan for the day. The other company and our third platoon were to set up a secured landing position north of Bravo's dead, so helicopters could fly them out. Second platoon was to drop back in reserve to "Million Dollar Hill," an area so named, we heard, because a million dollars worth of American helicopters were shot down there in one day. We of the first platoon were to approach Bravo's dead from the south, pick them up and carry them to the waiting helicopters.

We marched until about 10 o'clock, then took a five-minute smoke break. I sat down in the shade with two of my closest friends, "Doc," the medic, and "Hawaii," a fellow nicknamed for his home state. Nothing important was said. Just the regular small talk.

"Saddle up," said Captain Tom Murphy, the CO. "Be careful. We'll be in an open territory. Stay about eight yards apart." He didn't want to lose everybody to one round of artillery.

We moved out through a wooded area toward a clearing and a dike that separated two dried-up rice paddies. Behind me was a fellow named Dave, then Doc, then Hawaii.

I had just stepped out of the woods when I heard our point man shout, "Gook, gook." He fired a couple shots and started chasing. Everybody followed, running down the dike, which dipped twice to lower levels.

Suddenly, that chilling, repeating sound of an automatic weapon. *Chk-chk-chk-chk-chk.* An NVA machine gun. We dived off the dike into the rice paddy, most to the right, some of us to the left.

I slipped my pack off, grabbed my launcher and the grenades, and crawled to the front of the paddy. In the two lower-level paddies ahead of me, I could see our point man was no more than 20 yards from the NVA machine gun. I could see where it was rustling the bushes. It was about 75 yards from me, in a wooded knoll just beyond the front rice paddy.

I rolled over on my side and breached a load in my grenade launcher. Just as I rose to sight the weapon and fire, I heard Dave yell from behind me, "Hey, Rock." At the same time, I felt a dull thud in my left thigh. I thought he had thrown a stone at me to get my attention.

But it began to sting. I looked down, and saw blood gushing through two neat holes in my pants, one in the front and one in the rear.

"Dave, I'm hit," I screamed back over my shoulder.

"Do you have a sterile bandage?" he asked.

"No, I left my pack back there."

He tossed me a gauze patch and as I turned to catch it I noticed that everybody else had disappeared into the jungle on either side of the paddies. I got the patch on, lobbed in a few grenades, then crawled with the launcher back toward my pack. I suddenly realized I was the only target out in the open, and I crawled to the left, behind a row of hedges 10 feet high. A minute later, I saw a volley of four or five machine-gun rounds go ripping through my pack.

Dave had dropped down behind a rock about 15 yards from me. He yelled, "Rock, you O.K.? You O.K.?"

"Yeah, yeah. I'm O.K."

"I'll tell Hawaii to send word back that you've been hit," he said.

"O.K., O.K.," I said. "Get Doc up here."

The others had maintained their relative positions when they jumped into the brush. Thus, Dave expected Doc and Hawaii to be just behind him. He yelled, "Hawaii."

There was no sound or movement.

"Hawaii! Hawaii!"

Still no response. Then Dave saw Hawaii lying face down.

"Rock," he screamed, "I think Hawaii's been hit."

Now I tried, "Hawaii! Hawaii!"

Dave said, "Rock, he's not moving. I think they got him."

The injustice of it all began to wash over me. Here was a kid probably 19 years old. He was drafted soon after high-school graduation and shipped to Germany. He had slightly more than six months to go when he came due for reclassification. If he had had slightly less than six months, he'd have been discharged. But he had more, so they transferred him to Vietnam. By the time he had been reprocessed, gone through jungle school and been assigned to a company, he had only four months to serve. The day this happened, he had less than three months to go. He was to be married as soon as he got home. Who was

going to explain this to his fiancée?

Doc, who was with him, yelled up to me. "Hawaii got it. He's dead."

I looked down silently and asked the Lord to take care of him.

"How do you feel?" Doc asked me.

"I think I'm O.K."

"You think you'll be able to walk?"

"I don't know," I said in all seriousness. "I've never been shot before."

He left to attend to others. I lay there, dry and parched, planning my next move. I could try to retrieve my pack, lying out in the open about 10 feet away, but I didn't know how quick I could be on my feet. And I was afraid of giving away my position.

The lieutenant called everybody over to the right side of the dike, leaving only Dave, Doc and me on the left. He was trying to set up machine-gun and grenade-launch positions to provide covering fire for our four men out front who needed help badly. They were pressing themselves against the front dike wall of the first paddy. It was only two feet high, so they were digging furiously with their hands into the sun-baked dirt, trying to get lower.

The lieutenant yelled across to us, "Who's got the grenade launcher? Who's got the grenade launcher?"

Dave yelled, "Bleier's got it, but he's hit."

"Well, you get it from him."

"I can't. I can't reach him. There's too much open space."

"Well, we gotta get some grenades on that machine gun," the lieutenant said, "until we can get our own machine gun set up."

I had carried my launcher and the grenades with me. Blocked by the hedgerow, I couldn't see the enemy position. But Dave, behind me and slightly to the right, could.

I said, "Dave, I'll lob some grenades. You tell me where they land."

I lay on my back and fired the first grenade.

"Too far," he said. "Bring it back a little."

Again I fired over the hedgerow.

"Still too far," he said. "Bring it way back."

I fired again.

"All right. Just a little bit more. Bring it back a little bit more."

My fourth grenade was in the general

continued

ROCKY'S WAR *continued*

vicinity, Dave said. I fired three dozen rounds, hoping to keep their heads down for a few seconds while we got a counter-offensive organized.

After I ran out of ammo, I lay still for an hour and a half. I was tired. I was thirsty. The sun withered me. It was always there, always blazing.

My leg was burning. I took off the sterile gauze and found a gash four inches long and an inch deep on the outer edge of my thigh, about halfway from the knee to the waist. There was no bone damage. The bullet had simply sheared off a piece of muscle and flesh.

I never thought about my football career. It was all I could do to consider the immediate options. What if the enemy saw the lieutenant yelling to me? They could tear up that hedgerow in a hail of machine-gun fire and me with it.

What if they surrounded us? Or overran us? Or flanked us on my side? I could hear them chattering. What were they planning?

I could hear our guys, too. There was a radio lying near my pack, and I heard our lieutenant say, "They're all around us. There's no place to hide. There's no cover over here. They're everywhere."

A minute later, I heard somebody scream from the other side of the rice paddy, "Jesus Christ, they . . . goddam it. They just shot Jim."

Up front, the clatter of machine gun and rifles continued. A point man was yelling, "They're moving. I see them. Get that machine gun set up."

I began thinking about a story I'd read a few weeks earlier. It was about an Air Force colonel during the Second World War. He had been shot down by the Germans, and he parachuted into a clump of trees, unconscious. When he awakened, enemy tanks were coming. He made a promise to God that if he escaped with his life he would become a priest. Somehow, he did get out and after he was discharged from the service he went to a seminary and kept his promise to God.

During my Catholic education, I had heard plenty of stories like that. Small miracles, the nuns used to call them. Pray to God, we were taught, and He'll get you out of any situation. I stared up at the cloudless sky, felt the searing sun. I reached into my pocket and grasped the wooden cross Al Lison, an old friend,

had given me. These were my thoughts:

"Dear Lord, get me out of here, if You can. I'd like to say that if You get me out of here alive and O.K. I'll dedicate my life to You and become a priest. I can't do that, because I know that's not what I'll do. I'm not going to be two-faced about it. I don't want to promise something now, and then change my mind later when things are going good. I don't want to come to You with a tight-situation prayer, if I can't be honest.

"What I will do is this: I'll give You my life, to do with whatever You will. Here it is. I'm not going to complain if things go wrong. If things go good, I'll share my success with everybody around me. Here it is. Whatever You want to do, wherever You want to direct me, that's fine. This is the best I can do."

That's all I said at the time. Later, after it all worked out, I began to reflect. Why does man put himself in such a position of dependency? Why does he turn to God at moments like that and say, "Please take care of me, because I can't take care of myself"? Why? Maybe that's the kind of animal God has created. That might be the most conclusive proof I know for the existence of a Supreme Being. Perhaps if I hadn't spoken to God behind the hedgerow, things would have worked out the same. But one matter is for certain: when my self-preservation instinct came to the fore, I said the most fervent prayer of my life.

It was answered within five minutes. Doc had joined Dave behind his rock. He called across the 15 yards to me, "Rock, you and I are getting out of here."

Just as Doc took his first step toward me, I heard him scream, "Owwwww!" I looked back to see him doubled up with his hands at his waist. I thought he'd been hit in the stomach.

"You O.K.? You O.K.?" I yelled. "Yeah, I got shot in the hand," he said. A bullet had torn open his thumb.

He scurried from the rock and flung himself toward me. I took a gauze pad from his pack and bandaged his thumb. "Let's get out of here," he said.

We crawled down the hedgerow, then turned along the left edge of the rice paddy. We did not stop or swerve for anything. . . . thickets, briars, mud. We went directly through them all. The other men were hollering to us, checking our con-

dition. But we didn't respond, for fear of indicating our position to the NVA.

If we'd met so much as one enemy soldier along the way, we'd have been helpless. Neither of us had a weapon. But we met nobody. We scrambled across a little road. Then we came to an open field. Doc went first, I hobbled behind. It was about 150 yards from the hedgerow to the wooded area where we had taken the morning smoke break. There we found Tom Murphy, the commanding officer. He had tried unsuccessfully to flank the NVA, then fell back with his squad to wait for the others.

"How you feeling, Rock?" Murphy asked.

I couldn't have communicated it. I felt relieved beyond anything I'd ever known. And protected, like I was back in my mother's womb. But I kept the stiff upper lip.

"Fine, sir," I said.

"Do you think you can hang on for a while?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, good, I think you're lucky. It looks like you've got a million-dollar wound there. It'll get you out of the field for a month or so."

I was kind of pleased about that. I took a quart canteen of water and inhaled it in 20 seconds. I bummed a cigarette and lit up. I had stopped smoking three weeks earlier, but now I felt I deserved a cigarette.

The rest of the platoon, including the four men on front, retreating, low-crawling in a row. There was still one problem. Most of us had left our packs in the rice paddy. In some of them were special self-contained rockets that had been issued to us recently. They were deadly accurate at long range. We could only hope that the NVA wouldn't find them and use them on us.

Murphy's options were these. Move back to the day longer and risk another ambush along the way. Or stay and defend this position in the woods, hoping that reinforcements would arrive soon. He consulted by radio with battalion headquarters and decided to stay.

We set up an L-shaped defense along a pathway and facing the rice paddy we had just left. Murphy put guys at intervals 15 yards into the woods and told them to dig foxholes. There were 22 of us left, including five wounded. We didn't

know how many NVA there were or what they might do.

The second question was answered shortly. The enemy followed us across the rice paddy, spotted our command post and spread themselves over the edge of the woods.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, the firing resumed. Murphy was in the middle of our defense, lying on his stomach, propped up on his elbows to look over a small bush. He was working three radios and a pair of binoculars simultaneously. I was six feet away from him, sitting on a two-foot ledge at the side of the pathway. I was holding the gauze to my wounded leg, resting it on the path. Two feet above and behind me was a fellow named Tommy Brown. He was sitting on a hillside of rocks.

Pop. Immediately, we recognized the sound of the "potato masher" grenade, an explosive head attached to a stick-handle with a pull string at the bottom. We called them "Chi-Com," or Chinese-Communist, because they were made somewhere in Red China.

"Grenade!" Murphy screamed and ducked his head. I rolled into the pathway on my right side. It landed about two feet behind me; almost in Tommy Brown's lap. He dived over me just as the grenade detonated.

Tommy landed eight feet to my left, face down. He was conscious, groaning in deep tones. His back and legs were splashed with shrapnel holes. His blood mixed with the dirt and sweat, pasting his clothes to his skin. His moaning grew deeper.

My ears were ringing. I couldn't hear at all. This was a cheap, concussion-type grenade, so the noise was greater than the damage. Except in Tommy Brown's case.

I realized I hadn't been hurt. Still, I stayed in a prone position on the pathway. Small-arms fire was flying over me. I was a spectator. I had no weapon, no mobility, no capacity to join the fight. I kept my head down and didn't really know what was happening. Five minutes passed before I looked up, and when I did I was terrorized by what I saw.

A grenade was flying toward Murphy. He didn't see it. It hit him in the middle of the back, didn't go off and then came directly toward me, bouncing crazily with its top-heavy shape. I had a mill-



second to decide. Should I go backward? Or jump over the grenade?

I began to spring forward. The grenade was at my feet, and it exploded.

I landed on top of Murphy, both of us unconscious. He woke up after a few seconds. The first thing I remember, he was pushing me off.

He had caught it between the legs. He was moaning, having trouble staying conscious.

I was lying on my back, looking at him. Then I looked at my own legs and saw the right one quivering uncontrollably. It scared me. I grabbed it to stop the shaking. I felt my pants. They were full of blood. The pain in my right foot pierced me. I could see places on both legs where shrapnel had shredded my fatigues.

Since Doc's left hand was wounded, too, we had only Murphy's medic from company headquarters to treat the entire platoon. He cut off my boot and tied a sterile gauze around the foot. "That's all I can do for you right now," he said,

and low-crawled away down the pathway like an alligator.

Murphy was dragged to the most secure position, the corner of our "L" perimeter. He had lost consciousness again. I was left lying among his three radios. One of them was for communicating with the Blue Ghost, our helicopter gunship overhead somewhere.

"Pop smoke, pop smoke. Mark your position!" I heard the gunship demand. But nobody could find a canister of smoke. We had left them all in our packs.

"Well, what are your coordinates?" the gunship asked. I tried to recall if I had heard Murphy mention them. I couldn't. It was hopeless. The Blue Ghost couldn't help us if we couldn't locate ourselves.

Finally, somebody calculated our position with a compass and range finder. We radioed it to the gunship, with specific instructions to strafe the open area around the rice paddy—so those special rockets would be detonated—and the edge of the woods, but no deeper than 10 yards.

Somehow, somebody miscalculated or miscommunicated. As the Blue Ghost peppered the NVA position, it fired rockets too deep into the woods, hitting our farthest foxhole. One of our men, a short-timer with 28 days left, was killed. Another man had a piece of shrapnel break his collarbone, nick his heart, puncture his lung and settle in his spleen. He was our second grenade launcher. When they pulled him back, he was in delirium, moaning and wailing grotesquely.

The NVA, incredibly, weathered the half-hour assault from above. Perhaps they had reinforcements. Or maybe there were more of them than we thought. Near 4 p.m. they came with another attack. It was a clear attempt to overrun us. They flanked our perimeter on three sides, and all hell broke loose. Mortars, grenades, machine guns, small-arms fire. Our guys were tired, wounded, probably outnumbered, desperately in need of assistance.

I found an M-16 lying in the dirt. I didn't know how accurate I could be with it. I hadn't fired one in earnest since Advanced Infantry Training back at Fort Gordon, Ga. I rested it across my chest and crawled on my back 30 feet to the left, down a little slope in the pathway. I had almost no cover, just a thin-trunked

continued

ROCKY'S WAR continued

tree and three small rocks. I began to consider the possibilities. If the NVA knew how depleted our platoon was, they could circle the woods and attack from behind, catching us in a cross fire. We would have absolutely no chance. We'd never see them coming over the hill to our rear.

Suddenly, there was another problem. Our rockets had started a fire in the woods. Most of the bushes and grass were burning, threatening to set the trees ablaze. The wind was blowing it our way. Thick smoke rolled at us. For me the possible consequences were dire. If fire swept into our position, the other guys could run. But I couldn't even walk. And I couldn't blame them, if, under the pressure of both the NVA and the fire, they left me lie.

Several more guys were wounded, meanwhile. Of the 25 platoon members, five were now dead and 11 were wounded. I never knew why the NVA didn't close in. Murphy later speculated that their commander had been killed or wounded. Whatever the reason, they never pressed their advantage and at about 5:30 they fell back out of the woods.

A few minutes later, with the fire 10 feet from our perimeter, I got my miracle. The third platoon appeared out of nowhere and I heard a sergeant say, "All right, let's get the hell out of here."

I closed my eyes for a moment and prayed God.

They began to carry us out. Murphy went first, then me. It took four men apiece to hoist us, each grasping the corner of a poncho liner. They told me a MEDEVAC helicopter was waiting two to three clicks away, roughly two miles, back on Million Dollar Hill.

My four bearers tired quickly. They'd spent the day in a fire fight of their own, before humping the hill to get us. Several times they dropped me to rest, each time pleading, "Rock, can't you walk?" or "Let us drag you by your shoulders." I begged them to carry me. But after half a click, the poncho liner broke.

I draped my arms over two guys' shoulders and continued, pivoting on my "good" leg, the left one that had been shot through the thigh. We went another click that way, and then my arms and shoulder gave out. I collapsed. I said, "I can't go any farther this way."

Now a guy said he'd carry me fireman

style, over his shoulder. I never knew his name, and I don't think he ever knew mine. I didn't know anything but nicknames for most of the guys. But the Army had a beautiful way of making names seem unimportant, and race, and color, and creed, and social status. We never looked for any of that in each other. The Army is a great equalizer.

I was white, this guy was black. We had each traveled thousands of miles to meet in a jungle. After this night, I would never see him again. We both knew that. Yet here he was, offering to pick me up bodily and help save my life. That's a special kind of love.

It was an ordeal for both of us. He struggled under my weight, I pushed against his back to relieve the pressure of his shoulder digging into my gut. My dangling legs caught on trees and bushes, sending shots of pain up through my body and knocking him off balance. We could go only 30 yards at a time before resting. I stood on my left leg, clinging to him. We panted at each other, trying to catch our breath. Then he'd pick me up. We'd go some more. Then we'd rest and pant again.

Meanwhile, the others were passing us. We had been ordered to stay in formation and keep contact. But every time we stopped to rest, two or three men passed us. We were slipping farther and farther back toward the rear. I was still without a weapon or mobility to defend myself.

I was physically drained. I hadn't had food all day. It was dark. I didn't know where we were. I knew it was open ter-

ritory. NVA were everywhere in the valley. We could have been staggering into another ambush.

With half a click to go, I collapsed again, this time onto the side of a little road we'd been following. I looked at this guy, blinked back a few tears and said, "I can't go this way anymore. Get me a stretcher. It's not that much farther. Get me a stretcher." My friend stopped a third-platoon radioman, who called ahead to the helicopter.

That's when it really started to hurt. *Thump, thump, thump.* With every heartbeat, the agony surged through my right foot. I lay there gritting my teeth, ripping clumps of grass with my hands. And crying. It hurt so bad.

Our position was more perilous than ever. That radioman represented the rear element of third platoon. Once he went off toward the helicopter, we were by ourselves. We had broken contact completely. We could only hope that he would send a stretcher back. To my friend and me. He stayed with me.

Finally, four guys came with another poncho liner. They were not able to lift me completely, so they sort of dragged me the last 500 meters. I knocked against rocks and tree stumps, my legs banging against each other. I kept thinking the helicopter would leave without me and never come back. I was crying, babbling, whimpering about that. Finally, the four of them grabbed the corners of the poncho liner and forced their way through the underbrush up the pathway. They set me down on top of the ridge, and sank to their knees, exhausted. I looked up at the helicopter's turning blades.

I was the second man to leave the fire fight and the last to reach the helicopter. It had taken six hours to move two miles. It was midnight. August 20 had ended.

In the evacuation hospital in Da Nang, a fellow came into my room and said, "Let me take your personal articles. I'll keep them safe for you." I gave him the large, wooden cross that Al Lison had given me. It was all I had.

Ten minutes later, a Red Cross volunteer came by and said the same thing. The first guy was an impostor. It happened all the time, the lady told me. Somebody had stolen the wooden cross that had gotten Al Lison through World War II, and gotten me through Vietnam. **END**



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SI6026

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE HIT WAY

Sir:

John Underwood captured the true spirit of athletic competition in the MIT story (*Beating Their Brains Out*, May 26). I was especially pleased to see mention of John Barry, now assistant athletic director at MIT. I remember Barry when he was basketball and baseball coach at Tenney High School in Methuen, Mass. Although I was the "last man" on his junior varsity basketball team in 1954-55, he was an inspiration to me. He gave equal time to all of us in practice, even though some of us would play only one or two minutes in a game (if we were far ahead or far behind). He has a positive attitude that rubs off on all who know him. We are better for having played for him. I am glad to see that he is now an important part of MIT's wonderfully human (and humane) athletic program.

JOHN A. CLINTON

Bowie, Md.

Sir:

To further explain the MIT attitude, in the early '30s the gate to the athletic field bore this motto: "Not the quarry, but the chase; not the laurel, but the race."

JAMES H. CARR JR.

Kensington, Md.

Sir:

John Underwood did a masterful job of portraying athletics at MIT. One small item was overlooked, however: no matter how good his grades, a student cannot graduate unless he can swim 100 yards.

MIKE ALERRACHI

Longmeadow, Mass.

Sir:

As an MIT graduate, I was extremely pleased to read John Underwood's excellent article. I am a firm believer in MIT's approach to sport and am very glad to see its program get some publicity.

As a former member of the MIT ski team (and now a professional coach at a ski-racing school), I was upset to read that the ski coach "unfortunately . . . hasn't worked out." I consider him an excellent coach. This is an opinion shared by former and current ski-team members, as well as by people involved in other racing programs. Many people are sorry that he is leaving.

JOHN SCHULTZ

Moretown, Vt.

Sir:

While I otherwise enjoyed John Underwood's article on MIT athletics, I feel compelled, on behalf of the MIT Rugby Football Club, of which I am fixtures secretary, to protest his statement that we are merely holding our own against Dartmouth. Our club, the 1974 New England champion, soundly trounced Dartmouth, 36-4, on its way to another successful season.

I can also assure you that Underwood's

continued

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15TH HOLE *continued*

statistic of 1.3 dates per year for male students hardly applies to the rugged, as all those who have attended our traditional weekly postgame parties will readily confirm.

DREW JAGLOM

Cambridge, Mass.

THE METS' METHOD

Sir,

I strongly disagree with your conclusions (Sports Illustrated, May 26) on the subject of Met Outfielder Cleon Jones. Professional baseball is a boys' game being played by men who are idolized by tens of thousands of youngsters. Professionals have a public obligation to their patrons as well as to management, which is equally obligated to maintain a respected standard of conduct both inside and outside the stadium.

In these circumstances it is not possible to accept the SI rationalization that management should not have publicly chastised Jones. What better way could he have acknowledged his wrongdoing and, one hopes, restored his image and that of the Mets? Do you honestly believe that payment of a monetary fine is an answer to the youngsters?

HENRY H. KAPFER

Wheaton, Md.

Sir,

M. Donald Grant apologize? Poppycock! The New York Met management did the right thing in holding the press conference and assessing the \$2,000 fine. We need promiscuous sports heroes for kids to follow like we need the plague. Sure, incidents of this type happen, but there is no need to condemn them. I am 20 and a member of the generation that observes the so-called "new morality," and I still say we don't need behavior of that type.

JEFF LONGAVEN

Torrington, Conn.

Sir:

Your beautifully worded scolding of the Mets' Donald Grant in the Cleon Jones case fit the situation perfectly. When there is a problem, the first move of a friend, colleague, teammate or business associate is to defend, not to embarrass.

Protecting someone else often takes guts. Unfortunately, too many people in our society put image before friendship and loyalty. SI has put Grant's image in perspective.

PAUL E. MOTT

Minneapolis

THERE IN OAKLAND

Sir:

Thanks to Ron Fimrite for his article about the A's and Oakland (*The A's Are Putting the There There*, May 19). As an Easterner who was transplanted to Oakland for two years, I found the city a wonderful haven for a frustrated baseball fan.

continued

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16TH HOLE *continued*

Oakland is associated with some of my fondest memories, among them two World Series that I was thrilled to attend.

RICHARD WATKINS

New Bedford, Mass.

Sir:

Any red-blooded, card-carrying Pacific Coast League trivia buff could tell Ron Finnie that it was John Ritchey, a catcher for the 1948 San Diego Padres, who was the first black to play in the Pacific Coast League, not Arnie Wilson, as he stated in his ops, on the Oakland A's.

Wilson came into the league in 1949, along with Luke Lister, and was also with San Diego. Wilson went to Oakland later that season.

JOE LOREN

Los Angeles

SECOND CHANCE

Sir:

Thanks to Jim Kaplan for an outstanding story on young Ron Leflore's *Man on a Tightrope*, May 12. Many people do not want to accept the fact that a man does pay for his crimes by serving his term in prison. Business and government should follow the example of the Detroit Tigers, who first gave a break to all-time pinch-hitting great Gates Brown, and now the promising Leflore.

MARK WHELAN

Pensacola, Fla.

Sir:

I object to the title *Man on a Tightrope*, for Ron Leflore is not just a borderline player. He has the potential to lead the league in hitting, stolen bases and runs scored. The very presence of Leflore on a major league team can be an influence on many young men in prison.

MICHAEL TURNER

Detroit

Sir:

I am writing in answer to a letter that appeared in the May 12 issue. The writer of the letter asked if a man who has been convicted of a violent crime should be allowed, while in prison, to compete in violent sports (*The Blotting Out of Time*, April 28) and thus bring out his violent tendencies.

My answer is yes. It is far better for these men to be able to release pent-up emotions, frustrations and violent tendencies through sports than in some other manner that would be harmful to themselves, to society or to other individuals. The sad part about the whole thing is that men of this nature are not taught acceptable means of releasing violent tendencies early enough in life. One day many of these men will be back in society, and what they have learned through sports in prison will most likely be of help.

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19TH HOLE continued

Let me end with another question. Aren't people who participate in violent sports outside of prison (boxers, football players, wrestlers, *et al.*) bringing out their violent tendencies?

Lincoln, Neb.

BOB DOWNEY

UNBIASED STATISTICS

Sir:

Recently in SCORECARD (April 21) you discussed the problem of biased statisticians. While you were concerned primarily with professional basketball, my experience indicates the problem is worse at the high school and college levels.

My first question is whether the average fan is really concerned with the accuracy of these statistics. While we quote them endlessly and argue vehemently about them, in many cases we do not even know what they mean. So we must decide how important it is that statistics be "fair."

If the powers that be feel that fair statistics are an important part of the game, then I believe there is a reasonable way to achieve that result. Each league has men who travel around rating officials. Why not have a similar system for rating statistical crews? While such things as assists and steals are difficult to interpret, such things as field-goal attempts and rebounds are certainly susceptible to precise definition.

DAVID ISAACS

Jeffersonville, Ind.

OVER THE FENCE

Sir:

An item in SCORECARD (May 12) reminded me of something that happened to my brother and me a few years ago.

We loved to go to the old Connie Mack Stadium to see the Phillies play. But even more fun was arriving early, sitting in the left-field bleachers for batting practice and attempting to catch balls hit into the lower deck.

One night eight balls came in and, despite the efforts of other fans, we caught or retrieved all eight. In our case there appeared to be no reaction from the fans.

However, the next night, as we were walking into the bleacher section, the head usher warned us that if we so much as touched the fence in front of the bleachers, we would be outside looking in. Of course, all other fans were permitted to touch and even hang over the railing. That night four balls were hit our way and we got all four. The head usher never said another word.

CLARK L. DRISCHER

Palmyra, Pa.

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